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CONGRESS: Bold & Balky



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*Hickinson, J.H. et al.: Effective Pain Relief: Comparative Results With Acetaminophen In A New Dose Formulation, Propoxyphene Napsylate-Acetaminophen Combination, And Placebo. Curr. Therap. Res. 19:622-630, 1976. Smith, M.T. et al.: Acetaminophen Extra Strength Capsules Versus Propoxyphene Compound-65 Versus Placebo: A Double-blind Study of Effectiveness And Safety. Curr. Therap. Res. 17:452-459, 1975. The kind and amount of analgesic (acetaminophen) employed in the tests are the same as that contained in two tablets of Datril 500.

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A Letter from the Publisher

By press time each week, our offices are piled high with paper—stories, newspapers, cables, galleys. An enormous number of words, only a small percentage of which see print, go into the preparation of every issue. Thus it seems almost daunting that the people who create and work with this instant library spend much of their leisure time putting together words on their own. At almost any time of year, a number of our staff are busy writing books or readying them for publication.

"A book provides the necessary antidote to weekly journalism. It's fun to have space for 100,000 words," says Senior Writer Robert Hughes, who is writing about the colonization of Australia by convicts in the 18th century. Correspondent Neil MacNeil turned to history in a recent monograph, *The President's Medal, 1789-1977*. For others, contemporary events have provided subjects. Associate Editor David Tinnin's forthcoming *I, Terrorist* examines the motivations of terrorists; Correspondent James Willwerth's new *Badge of Madness* is about the breakdown of one New York policeman.

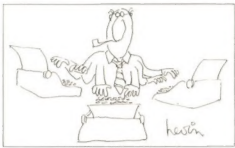
Four staffers have just written first novels. Says Senior Editor Stefan Kanfer, whose book, *The Eighth Sin*, will ap-

pear this spring: "Every journalist is always writing a novel in his head because we are all self-dramatizing types." Associate Editor James Atwater drew on the trouble in Northern Ireland for *Time Bomb*; Writer Christopher Byron is completing *The Holder of the Present*, set in Greece; Contributor Richard Schickel's *Another I, Another You*, a love story about two divorced people, will be published in May.

Some of our authors chose to write about characters in real life. Senior Editor Otto Friedrich is working on a biography of Clover Adams, wife of the historian Henry Adams. For his forthcoming book on Truman Capote, Associate Editor Gerald Clarke conducted 200 interviews with his subject's friends and foes. Two staffers have written biographies drawn upon their reporting experience at TIME. Correspondent Bernard Diederich's *Death of the Goat*, due this spring, is about Dominican Republic Dictator Rafael Trujillo. Jerusalem

Stringer Robert Slater has written a biography of Yitzhak Rabin, the former Israeli Premier. Says Slater: "When I told my little daughter that Rabin was also writing a book, she asked innocently, 'Oh, is he doing it about you?'"

Ralph P. Davidson



Index

The Cover: Photograph by Mark Meyer



8 Cover: Congress is back in session, unpredictable and undisciplined. The main action will be in the Senate, where Jimmy Carter has a new friend, Majority Leader Robert C. Byrd, the Hill's top power broker. See NATION.



20 Hubert Humphrey: The Senator from Minnesota had an impact on public life greater than most Presidents. The driving force behind major legislation, he was an unquenchable and irrepressible politician.



80 Show Business
The Age of Aquarius dawns again. Putting its trust in rock and fantasy, Hollywood is readying four major musicals for the youth market and starring the likes of John Travolta, Diana Ross and the Bee Gees.

34 World

Andreotti's government totters as Italy's long-brewing political crisis erupts in violence. ► With left and right in confusing array, France launches its crucial election campaign. ► Egyptian-Israeli military talks begin in a spirit of camaraderie. ► Rewards and perils of cronism in the Philippines.

62 Economy & Business

Unemployment drops, but other indices are discouraging. ► An embezzling studio boss is in the plot at Columbia.

91 Art

Remarkable portraits taken in a mental hospital by a young woman photographer who moved into the wards herself.

73 Education

Violence in the blackboard jungle, which now extends to the suburbs, and what is being done to protect the teachers.

92 Books

The Last Cowboy rides a pickup truck and feuds with a computer. ► *Musical Chairs* tattles about life behind the podium.

75 Religion

A fund-raising scandal besmirches the Pallottine order. ► How many of Billy Graham's converts stay converted?

97 Science

A Soviet space-age first: two cosmonauts soar into orbit and link up with a pair already aboard Moscow's Skylab.

82 Music

Beverly Sills announces the end of one career and the start of another. ► Horowitz comes back—and how!

98 Medicine

What ails the U.S. is a flu known as A-Texas. ► Injections of a pituitary hormone are helping mental patients.

84 Press

Harper's magazine tilts rightward under Editor Lewis Lapham. ► *Chicago Sun-Times* pulls a classic sting.

3 Letters 86 Milestones 88 People

TIME is published weekly at the subscription price of \$26.00 per year, by Time Inc., 541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611. Principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James H. Shepley, President; Edward Patrick Lenahan, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second class postage (865800) paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Vol. 111, No. 4 © 1978 Time Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited.

Man of the Year

To the Editors:

You made an excellent choice in selecting Anwar Sadat as the Man of the Year [Jan. 2], but you really did not select him—by his bold deeds he selected himself.

(The Rt. Rev.) Thomas J. Havlik
Abbot, St. Procopius Abbey
Lisle, Ill.

An obvious choice. But how long has it been since your selection was so easy?

George Schmitz
Los Angeles

Man of the Year—rubbish. Sadat betrayed the goals and aspirations of the



Arab people. Who else has sold his dignity and that of his people so cheaply?

Veronica-Gillian Pugh
New York City

A poor choice. Because of the economic condition of his country, and for only this reason, Sadat decided to open up diplomatic relations with Israel and search for peace. The man's back is against the wall.

Michael Kanter
Chicago

I have no quarrel with Anwar Sadat as Man of the Year. But to state that Sadat started his "peace campaign" by attacking Israel in 1973 is the most convoluted type of logic I've come across in a long, long time. To add insult to injury, you go on to say that after the Egyptian army "had taken a battering from the Israelis," Sadat "accepted" a cease-fire. Whose leg are you trying to pull?

Pearl Furman
San Francisco

Although I applaud TIME's Man of the Year, I am sorry and disappointed that he is not sharing the honor with Menachem Begin. Much like a tree falling in

a forest, without anyone to hear, the sounds of peace would not have been heard.

Constance C. Holden
Brewer, Me.

Moods in the Nation

In your article "New Year's Mellow Mood" [Jan. 2], Student Eric Mowrey is quoted as describing the prevailing national mood as a "beneficial apathy of satisfaction." It could be more accurately characterized as one of reckless complacency. As we "go forth and party without feeling a sense of remorse," let us bear in mind that unless we rapidly alter our concept of energy and environmental coexistence, this may well be our last party.

John T. Stigner
Citizens for Environmental Responsibility
Phoenix

Existing in an age when it is hard to be much of anything without money—including mellow—I think the outburst of optimism you so vividly express is a bit off target. Sure, everyone enjoys seeing a movie where the good guys defeat the bad guys. But when it costs \$3.50 to \$4 to witness such an event, some of the excitement vanishes. As I look toward 1978, I still see the black hat of inflation prevailing in America, making my mood somewhat "mellow yellow."

Marijane Engel
Denver

As Perfect As Possible

I enjoyed Stefan Kanfer's Essay on the state of the English language [Jan. 2]. It might interest you to know that Brown University's instructions to doctoral candidates told them to make their dissertations "as perfect as possible." I did.

Eric L. Hinderliter
Providence

While in Plattsburgh, N.Y., I found the following item on a Howard Johnson's menu: "Steak with Smothered Onions." I asked the waitress whether they smothered their onions with a pillow or a crumpled sheet. She did not understand my confusion.

James Kuzmak
New City, N.Y.

Come now. Shouldn't your picture caption "... a sense of well-being and community pervades throughout the land" have appeared as an example of tautology in your Essay on "The State of the Language"?

James C. Hepler
Huntingdon Valley, Pa.

Rage over Regulation

As one of those "autocratic bureaucrats" [Jan. 2] I must take exception to the concept that we regulators have an

"ideological animus against the private sector." Regulations are developed because of laws written by Congress. The complexity arises following successful sidestepping of the spirit of the law by the ever clever private sector. We bureaucrats have to try and write regulations to cover every loophole.

If you want to cut down on bureaucracy stop writing laws designed to protect every man from everything.

Wayne J. Socha
Office of the Comptroller of the Currency
Denver

"Rage over Rising Regulation" was TIME at its best.

As a bureaucrat most of my adult life, I am more conscious than most of the increasing infringement of government upon the daily life of all Americans.

There are some who are alarmed by the excesses and abuses of business or labor. Others are aroused by the leftist movement of the past decade, and still others by what they consider U.S. moral decay. Such hazards are dwarfed by our growing bureaucracy, which is becoming all-consuming.

America would benefit if the "rage" became the cause of many.

Pete Quesada
Lieut. General, U.S.A.F. (ret.)
Washington, D.C.

If Quebec Goes

Since the election of the Parti Québécois, a number of writers have assumed that Canada would inevitably be absorbed into the U.S.A. if Quebec votes to go it alone [Dec. 26].

If Quebec leaves, I do not see why the extinction of my nationality should follow. We, like other peoples of the world, are willing to sacrifice for our survival, and we would find a way to survive.

Dale Overall
Ottawa

Even if Quebec chooses to separate, I seriously doubt that Canada is interested in obtaining 50 new provinces by uniting with the U.S.

Frank J. Papp
Lethbridge, Alta.

Should Canada (sans Quebec) become just another part of the U.S., most of us would have nowhere left to go if we became dissatisfied with life here. The frontier would at last truly be closed, and the morning after the celebrations, a great psychological shock would be felt. Too late, we'd realize the most important fact about Canada was that it existed.

Laurits Hansen
Davis, Calif.

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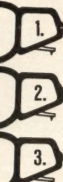
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Nation

TIME/JAN. 23, 1978

COVER STORIES

A Bold and Balky Congress

Awakened from a deep sleep, it is independent, unpredictable, tough to lead



Byrd and Carter in the Oval Office: the Congress and the President seem headed toward mutual respect, though probably not affection

A master of the Senate's rules and precedents, the majority leader has an unerring sense of where its members collectively want to go.

The silver and ebony mace, an emblem of congressional authority, has been placed on its green marble pedestal behind the rostrum in the House of Representatives. Quill pens, symbolic links with a more genteel past, have been sharpened in the Senate, where they are available to any member. At high noon this Thursday, Jan. 19, Speaker Tip O'Neill in the House and Vice President Walter Mondale in the Senate will smartly rap their gavels on the polished desks before them. Thus will begin the second session of the 95th Congress, one of the boldest and balkiest in memory.

The traditions and rituals of opening day have not changed much in 189 years, but in far more substantive ways this is a vastly different Congress from those of the past. More than half of its members—61 Senators and 231 Representatives—were first elected within the past nine years; more than one-third of them have been in office for three years or less. Young, well-educated and aggressively independent—of both their own leaders and the White House—they are continuing the congressional revolution that started as a reaction to the tragic mistakes of Viet Nam and Richard Nixon's imperial presidency. The balance has been restored, and perhaps even swung in the opposite direction: Congress, the branch of Government that most closely reflects the will

of the people, is again filling its constitutional role as a check on the presidency, even though both are controlled by the same party. Indeed, this may be the brashest and most self-willed Congress since 1919, when the House and Senate broke Woodrow Wilson and defiantly kept the U.S. from joining the League of Nations.

The transformation has been remarkable. Only five years ago, Congress was the sick man of the Federal Government. For 40 years, power had shifted down Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House; the movement accelerated rapidly under Nixon, who essentially operated on his own in making budgets and war. At regional conferences sponsored by TIME in 1972, scholars, civic leaders and members of Congress concluded that, because of the upset in the balance, the U.S. was facing a grave constitutional crisis that threatened the future of democracy.

But within a year Congress was fighting back. It passed the symbolically important War Powers Act, which placed tight restrictions on a President's powers to dispatch U.S. troops abroad. It set up the Congressional Budget Office, which, together with the newly expert House and Senate budget committees, acts as a sort of economic shadow cabinet. At the same time, members of Congress developed a new self-confidence and a sense that

sound policy can—and should—originate on Capitol Hill as well as in the White House.

This resurgence has continued under Carter, partly because of his inept handling of the first session. To an extent, says Charles Jones, a University of Pittsburgh political scientist who is an expert on Congress, "a shift of power that started because of Nixon's arrogance has continued because of Carter's artlessness." Yet probably no President, however skilled in working with Congress, could have turned back the tide. Observes Arizona Representative Morris Udall, who was one of Carter's rivals for the Democratic presidential nomination: "Any President inaugurated in 1977 was going to face this giant, which had awakened after slumbering for many years."

The giant this year will take on several major issues. The frayed and jangled members of a House-Senate conference committee next week will plunge back into their three-month-old brawl over energy policy, and they are still widely divided over oil taxes and Government regulation of natural gas prices. They hope to reach a compromise by March. That same month the Senate will begin debating the embattled Panama Canal treaty. Another major fight will begin, possibly this summer, af-



ter U.S. negotiators initial a SALT II treaty with the Soviet Union to set new limits on both countries' nuclear arsenals. By early spring, the Senate will have received legislation from the House for a tax cut in the neighborhood of \$25 billion, as proposed by President Carter.

Because so much of this action will be dominated by the Senate, its dour and aloof majority leader, Robert Carlisle Byrd of West Virginia, 60, will become the most important power broker in Congress. The last session belonged to bluff Speaker Tip O'Neill, who worked closely with the inexperienced President and his aides, patiently teaching them how to get along with the people on Capitol Hill. O'Neill took charge of Administration measures and pushed many of them through the House, including the energy bill, which whipped through with few changes—only to run out of gas in the Senate. According to a survey by *Congressional Quarterly*, the House and Senate sided with Carter on 75% of the key votes, a better record than Gerald Ford's 54% in 1976 but a 25-year low for a President whose party also controls Congress.

This year much of what Carter gets from Congress will be largely due to Byrd, a night-school lawyer who is a first-rate legislative technician. His job is to act as the Senate's traffic cop, controlling the flow of legislation and debate. A master of the Senate's rules and precedents, Byrd hustles through an endless round of meetings with committee chairmen, powerful Senate barons and rebellious mavericks, trying to head off trouble. He pleads with recalcitrant Senators for support, does favors to pacify them, like scheduling their pet bills, or tries to put off action on controversial legislation until antagonists compromise on their own. During last year's session, Byrd's first as majority leader, he ran the chamber with a firm and sure hand that had not been seen since the days when Lyndon Johnson was majority leader.

Byrd has an intense devotion and dedication to the Senate, and for nearly 20 years he has worked tirelessly and uncomplainingly in its service. In many ways, he personifies its transformation and that of the entire Congress: its insistence on staying free from the Executive Branch's control, its new sense of self-importance and its anxiety about how it is regarded by the American public. Because Byrd shows little interest in ideology or the formulation of policy, his leadership allows the Senators, who traditionally have been more individualistic than the Representatives, to follow their own convictions and accentuates the independence of the 95th Congress.

To some degree, what many members of Byrd's Senate and the House describe as independence is not high-minded statesmanship but an old-fashioned desire to take positions that will play well

O'Neill and Byrd at the Capitol

Trying to ride a Brahmin bull

in their districts. With elections coming up in November, a lot of members will be more cautious this session, particularly since there is no national consensus on many key issues. Experts forecast only a moderately productive session, with a number of important matters—among them, national health insurance and reform of the tax and welfare systems—postponed in a rush to adjourn by Oct. 1 so that legislators can concentrate on campaigning. Says House Republican Leader John Rhodes of Arizona: "Nobody wants to get into those morasses this year. If we don't adjourn, we'll just stay around in Washington and do a lot of dumb things."

Today's members may be as anxious about getting re-elected as their predecessors, but there is no denying that Congress has changed drastically. Many political scientists fear that Congress may



Burke answering questions in Los Angeles

No one jumps up when the President calls.

eventually become unmanageable by its leaders. The old constraints of party allegiance and obedience to elders have largely been shaken off. Says Byrd: "When I entered politics 31 years ago, all we talked about was voting the straight party ticket. Now there is a growing spirit of 'doing one's own thing' and of resisting the established way of doing things."

In the old days, many members of Congress leaned heavily on their leaders for guidance and usually voted as they were told. Often, when the House took up a bill, a committee chairman would spell out its provisions in debate to an almost empty chamber. Then, as the bells rang for a vote and members rushed into the chamber, the doorkeeper shouted the leaders' instructions to them. "The vote is aye, the vote is aye." Or, conversely,

"The vote is no, the vote is no." Now most members conscientiously find out for themselves what is in a bill and make up their own minds about how to vote.

Congress in many respects has become more democratic. Because of rules changes, crucial committee decisions last year, like the horse-trading on the final version of the bill raising Social Security taxes, were made before press and public, not in secret as they previously would have been. The seniority system has been weakened, eliminating many of the old, autocratic committee chairmen who could block important legislation on a whim. Chairmen, who are now elected by members of the majority in each chamber, have become more responsive to the rank and file.

The old cohesion within Congress has been lost to some extent because of a sea change in American politics. Many state



Downey sprinting up the Capitol steps

A common complaint: "It isn't fun."

and local party organizations have become decrepit. Voters increasingly look on themselves as independent, voting split tickets and welcoming candidates who are not strongly aligned with any party.

More and more Congressmen maintain that their freedom from party directives makes them better legislators. Says Maine Republican William Cohen: "Today's Congressman keeps in closer touch with his constituents, and that helps generate a more responsive system." Even so, Americans still hold the Congress in low esteem. According to a Harris poll in No-



Baker making a point in his Senate chambers

vember, only 15% of the voters expressed much confidence in Congress, a slight increase from the 9% of a year earlier but far below the high of 66% in 1966.

The changes have enormously increased members' workloads. During one ho-hum week last year, Congress' 54 committees and 269 subcommittees held 249 hearings. Tennessee Senator James Sasser, a freshman Democrat, notes that eleven-hour days are common. Texas Democrat George Mahon had three employees when he entered the House in 1935 and now has eleven, but, he says, "we still can't keep up with the work. All eyes turn to Washington for solutions to all problems. It's an entirely different world." Mo Udall figures that he cast three times as many votes (645) in the House last year as he did five years ago. Says he: "A common complaint is that it isn't fun here any more. There used to be time for conviviality and companionship. Not any more. The job just grinds you down."

Other members gripe about the time that they must spend traveling to home districts and their lack of family life. Adds Vermont Senator Patrick Leahy, a first-term Democrat: "There is no time to think ahead on important issues. It's even impossible to think out just the political effects of a decision." Democratic Senator Lawton Chiles of Florida bemoans life in a fishbowl. "Half of the reporters in town are looking on you



Udall chatting with a constituent in Tucson

as a Pulitzer Prize waiting to be won."

Worn down, many veterans of Congress have given up the struggle to stay in office. Remarks Michigan Democrat John Conyers, who has served in the House since 1965: "Congress used to be a lifetime career. You died in Congress, or you tried to become Governor or Senator. On a clear day, some guys even saw the White House. Now members are cashing in early. Congressmen are being watched more closely, criticized more and prosecuted more. And the pay is not that munificent. Lobbyists make twice as much."

Gripping aside, Senators and Representatives make a good buck. Last February they received a \$12,900 raise, to \$57,500 (Byrd and the other floor leaders get more: \$65,000). As a *quid pro quo*, the Senate and House approved stringent codes of ethics that limit, to \$8,625 annually, extra earnings from speeches, law practice or other outside employment. In addition, the fringes are fancy. Each year members get an expense allowance of \$7,000, a telephone and telegraph allowance of at least \$6,000 and 33 paid round-trips home. The Senators and Representatives get free medical care and drugs, cut-rate life insurance, \$2 haircuts and, to keep them going when the sessions grow long, rib-sticking navy-bean soup for only 40¢ a bowl in the congressional cafeteria. Pensions can be as high as \$42,560 after 30 years' service.



Sasser and his Washington staff discussing strategy on the eve of the second session
A salary of \$57,500, free trips home, \$2 haircuts and 40¢ bowls of navy-bean soup

So far this year, 17 Representatives have decided to retire, including Mahon, Texas Democrat Barbara Jordan and California Republican Charles Wiggins. In the Senate, at least seven veterans will be quitting. They include Democrat James Abourezk, 46, of South Dakota and Republican Carl Curtis, 72, of Nebraska and former Republican Whip Robert Griffin, 54, of Michigan. The modern record for retirements was set in 1976: 26 Representatives and eight Senators.

The accelerating turnover has opened the House and Senate to a new breed of members with far more varied backgrounds than those of their predecessors. Members of Congress increasingly have little or no politics in their pasts. Some ex-

amples in the Senate: California Republican S.I. Hayakawa, who was president of San Francisco State College, and Ohio Democrat John Glenn and New Mexico Republican Harrison Schmitt, both astronauts. Democratic Representative Lawrence McDonald of Georgia was a urologist. Republican Congressman Jack Kemp of New York was a quarterback for the Buffalo Bills in the 1960's.

Many junior members have moved quickly into positions of influence. Second-term Democratic Representative Thomas Downey, 28, of New York is a congressional adviser to the SALT negotiators. Sasser belongs to three key Senate committees: Appropriations, Budget and Governmental Affairs. Says he of his fast advance: "It gives you the feeling that you are of some worth to the country and not simply a second-class legislator." Vermont's Leahy, who entered the Senate in 1974, ranks 79th in seniority, if re-elected in 1980, he will rank about 55th. Says he: "Twenty years ago, I would have had to wait 20 years to move up that far."

Quite a few of the newcomers, however, do not want to stay around even half that long. Says Gary Hart of Colorado, a first-term Senator: "Many members come in here having already done something interesting, they think about doing this only for a while, then doing something different." Hart, 40, who was George McGovern's campaign manager in 1972, is thinking about challenging Carter for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1980. Senator John Danforth, a freshman Republican from Missouri, calls himself "a citizen on leave to the Government." Some oldtimers regard the career switchers as unprofessional. Louisiana Democrat Lindy Boggs, who was elected in 1973 to a congressional seat that her late husband Hale Boggs had held for 26 years, looks down on them as "stepping-stone Congressmen." She misses the



Cohen working in his House office
The politics of individualism

Byrd of West Virginia: Fiddler in the Senate

West Virginians have always had five friends—God Almighty, Sears Roebuck, Montgomery Ward, Carter's Little Liver Pills and Robert C. Byrd.
—Robert C. Byrd

Back in the hardscrabble coal country of the Mountain State, Robert Carlyle Byrd is almighty, unbeatable and as reliable as Carter's famous little pills. Yet for many years some liberal opponents on Capitol Hill loathed him as much as any man in Washington. Defensive and insecure, driven and intense, he often said that the Senate was made up of "workhorses and show horses," a distinction clearly made in order of preference. Through sheer will and work, Byrd overcame poverty as well as charges that he was a racist and the Senate's Uriah Heep, the classic hypocrite in Dickens' *David Copperfield*. Now, after 25 years in Congress, Byrd is still not beloved by his colleagues, but he has their respect.

He has earned it. Says Byrd: "I gave the Senate everything I have." A classic workaholic, Byrd rises at 6:30 every morning, then usually travels by chauffeur-driven limousine—one of his perks of leadership—from his modest suburban house in McLean, Va., to his office, where he is in business by 7:45. He then begins a breathless round of staff discussions, committee meetings, and appointments. The majority leader always eats lunch in his office, usually a bologna sandwich prepared by his wife Erma. Says he: "It saves time." Besides, for Byrd, food is merely fuel, though he does confess an uncontrollable weakness for chocolate-covered cherries. By 8 p.m. Byrd is on his way home, carrying a heavy briefcase.

He has few close friends in Washington and never takes a vacation. Says he: "I wouldn't enjoy going away and doing nothing." His scant leisure time is spent with his wife, watching TV news and interview programs. Erma, also an energetic worker, enjoys visiting their two married daughters in the Washington area and fussing over her six grandchildren. On Sundays the couple often goes out for dinner, and after the meal Byrd may light up a cigar (a Montecristo or a La Corona).

The majority leader has never had many chances to get used to frills. Indeed, Robert C. Byrd did not even begin life as Robert C. Byrd. Born in North Wilkesboro, N.C., he was named after his fa-



The leader with the Blue Grass Neighbors in Short Gap, W.Va.
Advice from the dragon: "Set your cap for Congress."

ther, Cornelius Calvin Sale, a furniture factory worker earning \$5 a week; but his mother died during the flu pandemic of 1918, just before his first birthday. Her last wish: that Cornelius Jr., the youngest of five children, be raised by Sale's sister and her husband, the Byrds, who moved to Stutesbury, W. Va., when he was four. Renamed and unaware that he was adopted, Byrd met his real father for the first—and last—time when he was 15. His adoptive mother, wife of a coal miner, was a strict disciplinarian. "I never remember her kissing me," Byrd recalls, "except once." Young Byrd had misbehaved—he no longer recalls the transgression—but resourcefully came up with a ploy. Says he: "I asked her to kiss me. She did, and didn't whip me."

Byrd graduated at the top of his high school class of 30, but the Depression made college only a dream. It took him one year to find a job as a gas station attendant; then he switched to cutting meat in a shop closer to home for \$12.50 a week. Byrd studied a butcher's manual, honing skills he had already picked up tending

his family's hogs. He recalls the details: "I shot them, stabbed them, cut their throats, hung them up, cut them open, rolled out the insides, cleaned them out."

By the time he was 20, Byrd had saved enough to marry his high school sweetheart, Erma Ora James. Occupying two rooms of a house owned by his employers, the Byrds could not even afford an ice box; they hung half an orange crate outside a window. Four years later the couple moved to Crab Orchard, W. Va., where Byrd got a better paying job, as head butcher in a supermarket.

In 1942 Byrd made what he calls "the worst mistake of my life." He joined the Ku Klux Klan. He says that back home in Crab Orchard, "everybody was in the Klan—my adoptive father, the minister, the doctors, the judges. I got attracted to the idea of the Klan because it seemed pro-American and anti-Communist."

Last week Byrd revealed to TIME Correspondent Neil MacNeil that it was a top Klan official who first encouraged him to run for Congress. Said Byrd: "I know it will hurt me, but I want to tell the story in full." Byrd wrote to the Imperial Wizard of the Klan in 1942, asking to join. He received a reply from Grand Dragon J.L. Baskin, a retired Methodist minister whose Klan realm included West Virginia; Baskin encouraged Byrd to organize his own klavern of 150 members. He did just that and was then unanimously elected Exalted Cyclops, the group's lead-



Wife Erma and press aide's child listening.
She never had a maid.

er. Impressed, the Grand Dragon told Byrd: "These people believe in you. You ought to set your cap for Congress."

Instead, Byrd went off to work as a welder in shipyards in Baltimore and Tampa during World War II. By the time he returned to Crab Orchard after the war, he had lost interest in the Klan but not in Baskin. Byrd, who played a mighty fine, foot-stomping hillbilly fiddle, asked Baskin what he should do next. Said the Grand Dragon: "Take that fiddle and use it." In 1946 he ran for the state legislature and fiddled his way into office. Playing such tunes as *Turkey in the Straw* and *Old Joe Clark*, he drew campaign crowds and attention in town after town, beat out twelve other Democratic primary candidates, and went on to win the election.

Byrd then bought his own grocery store in Sophia, W. Va., and started earning credits for a bachelor's degree at three different West Virginia colleges. In 1952 he was elected to the U.S. House of Representatives. "There was no time for leisure, no time for anything but work, work," says Byrd.

After three undistinguished terms in the House, he was swept into the Senate in the Democratic landslide of 1958. "Once into politics, I dreamed of going into the Senate," Byrd recalls. "It was like falling in love with my childhood sweetheart. I couldn't live without her."

The Senate did not love him back. An archconservative, Byrd was regarded by many as a lightweight hanger-on to the influential group of Southern conservatives led by Georgia's Richard Russell. What no one realized was that Byrd was already planning his move to gain power in the Senate. His strategy: to emulate Russell's mastery of the Senate's rules. "Senator Russell"—out of reverence, Byrd always called him that—also advised him to study the book of precedents. Byrd did, religiously, just as he had earlier pored over his butcher's manual. In 1963 Byrd also earned a law degree from Washington's American University, after seven years of part-time study. He was 45 years old.

Loyal to the Southern wing, he voted against the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Voting Rights Act of 1965. He also excoriated welfare cheats, Viet Nam War protesters and the Supreme Court. Yet Byrd was making himself useful to the Senate leadership. He was elected secretary of the Senate's Democratic Conference in 1967, easily beating Joseph Clark, a liberal from Pennsylvania who had often criticized the procedures of the Senate. Byrd quickly became Majority Leader Mike Mansfield's *de facto* right-hand man by mustering Democrats for crucial votes, doing little favors for Senators, and taking care of routine chores that neither Mansfield nor his official deputy (first Russell Long, then Edward Kennedy) cared for. Byrd, however, enjoyed

the work and decided he deserved to be majority whip. Says he: "I was doing the work, and I thought I might as well have the title." In 1971 he snatched the job from Kennedy with three votes to spare.

The new whip had also begun to shift to the center. He became an advocate of gun control and civil rights legislation. "I developed a new perspective on the Constitution and the law," says Byrd, who now considers it "unjust" and "cruel" as well as unconstitutional to discriminate against anyone because of his color.

As Byrd's views changed, so, it



Byrd stands below quorum-calling lights
"I gave the Senate everything I have."

seemed, did his personality. For years, his hardtack demeanor and his relentless driving of aides belied a genuine, though rare, warmth. In 1972, for example, Byrd was the only Senator to show up at the funeral of Senator Joseph Biden's wife and infant daughter, who died in an auto accident: Byrd stood inconspicuously in the back of the church. Now his increasing self-confidence has begun to take some of the chill out of Robert C. Byrd (never Bobby or even Bob). Says one Senate aide: "The big news in the Senate this year is that Robert C. Byrd is a human being."

Even his attitude toward fiddling has loosened up. Though Byrd used to perform only at rural gatherings, he has begun to play at more Washington parties; at one he serenaded the President with *Amazing Grace*, Carter's favorite hymn. Byrd is even planning to cut a record with a West Virginia country music group, the Blue Grass Neighbors. As if to apologize for going commercial, he has also undertaken another, more dutiful, fiddling job: recording mountain tunes for the Library of Congress.

"camaraderie, trust and lifetime dedication" of the House in years past.

Nonetheless, reports TIME Washington Bureau Chief Hugh Sidey, who has covered the capital for 20 years: "Veterans of Washington have increasing admiration for this doubting, debating Congress. The men and women in it are better informed, better traveled, better aware of their rights and prerogatives than any who have served before them."

Contrary to expectations, the newcomers—particularly the 47 freshmen and 78 sophomores who make up 43% of the Democrats in the House—turned out not to be very liberal in their voting. One reason: many of them come from marginally Democratic districts, and in some cases from normally Republican ones.

The 95th Congress has sometimes given the impression that it is markedly open to influence by special interest groups. Legions of lobbyists for consumer groups and the oil and gas industry swarmed over the Senate while it was working on the energy bill. Nonetheless, Sidey concludes, this Congress actually is less receptive to old-style lobbying than its predecessors. "Back in the days when the big leaders used to roam the halls, lobbyists could find a man or two and work their deals. But today one cannot push buttons and get things done. The issues are so complex, and interlocking that about the only way to win major battles is to generate pressure in members' districts. The oil industry probably has worked harder back home than it has in Washington to bring the Congress to its current doubts about Carter's energy proposals."

Half a dozen years ago, A.F.I.-CIO Lobbyist Andrew Biemiller could guess correctly how some 300 Congressmen would vote on labor legislation; thus he and his assistants had to sound out and try to persuade only the remainder—about 135 Representatives. Today he has to touch base with at least 300 unpredictable Congressmen and never can be sure which way many of them will jump. Last year he was confident that the House would pass the common union picketing bill, which would have allowed a single union to shut down an entire construction site, but it lost by twelve votes.

Bureaucrats also have difficulties in dealing with this Congress. State Department officials complain that legislators are interfering in the day-to-day conduct of foreign policy. For example, at the instigation of California Democrat Yvonne Burke, the House Appropriations Committee last year cut aid to the Philippines because of human rights violations. Some old hands in the Pentagon miss the days when they had to deal only with a few committee chairmen to get money for new planes or ships. Now the Pentagon has to work with many more Congressmen, as well as with countless powerful aides.

Further, the Defense officials protest, a lot of independent Congressmen are

*There are 17 women in the House, none in the Senate.

Nation

attempting what amounts to "micro-management" of Pentagon programs. The House Appropriations Committee last year wrote nearly 400 pages of instructions to the Defense Department on how it was to spend its \$116 billion budget; a decade ago, the instructions rarely exceeded 40 pages. Senior Defense officials are also spending more time testifying on Capitol Hill and, under increasingly expert questioning by members of Congress and their aides, liking it less. In 1976, 1,721 Pentagon witnesses appeared before congressional committees, up from 630 in 1964.

Few Democrats feel an obligation to support their President's positions, in part because most of them ran ahead of him at the ballot boxes in 1976. The President hurt himself further by at first showing little patience with the legislators and by making no real effort to consult with them. But Republican Senator Robert Dole of Kansas believes that no President could guide the votes of many members in the current Congress. Says he: "Most

of them are no longer going to jump up when they get a call from the President, whether he is Carter, Ford or anybody else. They want to help him, but they also put their fingers up to see which way the wind is blowing."

Democratic leaders of Congress have had trouble imposing even the minimum amount of discipline needed to keep the House and Senate running smoothly. Norman Ornstein, an expert on Congress from Washington's Catholic University, observes of the junior members of Congress: "Their politics is based not on compromise but on symbolism and opposition to authority. It's the politics of individualism." Michigan Democrat Don Riegle, a ten-year House veteran who was elected to the Senate in 1976, thinks the job of congressional leadership is virtually impossible, "like trying to ride a Brahman bull." Adds John Anderson of Illinois, the third-ranking Republican leader in the House: "A huge majority has to be under some type of discipline to be effective. If everybody says he is king of the hill,

then it's going to be a disorderly hill."

In the Senate, Robert Byrd knows all the parliamentary tricks for staying on top of the hill and uses them when necessary. Lyndon Johnson twisted arms and forcibly pulled Senators into line ("Sometimes," said L.B.J. of his iron-fisted methods, "the skin comes with the hair"). Mike Mansfield, the Senate leader from 1961 to early '77, was scholarly and unaggressive. Byrd, a new kind of leader for a new time, was chosen by his colleagues chiefly because they wanted a technician who would make the Senate run smoothly and efficiently and not try to lead them on too many issues and policies.

Byrd belongs to three powerful committees: Appropriations, Judiciary and Rules. He presides over the Democratic Conference, which elects committee chairmen; the Democratic Steering Committee, which makes committee assignments; and the Democratic Policy Committee, which advises him on the scheduling of bills. But his

An Army of Experts Storms Capitol Hill

They have been dubbed "the invisible Government" or "the hidden power elite" or "the shadow lawmakers." Yet, although they are nameless and faceless figures to the public, the more than 13,000 people who staff the committees and offices of members of Congress are neither malign nor inconspicuous. Many of them can be seen standing behind the rail at the rear of the House, and slipping information to Senators on the floor of the other chamber. They often seem to dominate congressional hearings as they lean forward to supply legislators with shrewd questions that befuddle a committee opponent, or dazzling answers that sew up an argument. Their rising influence and expertise are among the reasons for the resurgent role of the U.S. Congress.

When the first streamlining of the confused and outdated federal criminal code reaches the Senate for action this week, public credit will go to its major supporters: the late Senator John McClellan, Senator Edward Kennedy and Attorney General Griffin Bell. Still, the man most responsible for the recodification is Kenneth Feinberg, a former Assistant U.S. Attorney in New York who spent ten months working full time on the highly complex bill as chief counsel of a judiciary subcommittee headed by Kennedy. Feinberg, 31, labored with equally dutiful McClellan aides to bridge the gulf between liberals and conservatives on ways, for example, to get federal judges to sentence criminals convicted of comparable offenses to roughly equal prison terms. Similarly John Kramer, 40, special counsel of the House Agriculture Committee and

a law professor at Georgetown University, can claim credit for passage of the Food Stamp Act of 1977. Unlike most aides, he speaks openly of his influence, saying "It came through 99% the way I wanted it to."

Other staff members are more reticent because their bosses properly insist on the public applause. Yet it was largely because of the prodding of Richard Perle, 36, an aide for eight years to Senator Henry (Scoop) Jackson, that the Senate has adopted a key "qualification" to the 1972 U.S.-Soviet SALT agreement, demanding that there be strategic arms parity in any future pact. Jackson has staked out defense matters as a main interest, and Perle's hawkish skepticism about arms control and his mastery of intricate weaponry arguments have given him as much influence as many Administration officials in the arms infighting.

Most staff members are under 40, well educated, well paid (many are at the \$40,000 level), and reflect the political leanings of their employers. Their power has grown out of the desire of Congress to compete with the previously overwhelming expertise of the vast bureaucracy of the Executive Branch. Also, legislative issues have grown more complex, and Congress has taken its watchdog function over the Administration more seriously. No Congressman can hope to absorb by himself most of the increasingly technical information demanded by both the expanded work of Congress and a more insistent and sophisticated public.

To meet these growing needs,



Senator Javits' aide Don Zimmerman

chief lever in managing the Senate's business is a 41-year-old tradition that the majority leader be recognized by the chair ahead of any other Senator. This enables Byrd to control the day's events by calling up bills and resolutions for action, moving for recess, and setting the Senate's next time of meeting.

His skill as ringmaster hung in the balance last fall when two liberal Democrats, South Dakota's Abourezk and Ohio's Howard Metzenbaum, filibustered for eight days against ending Government regulation of prices for new natural gas. Using Fritz Mondale as his unwitting dupe, Byrd demanded recognition and, through complicated, nimble maneuvering, crushed the filibuster in spite of the Senate's tradition of unlimited free speech. Without this whipcracking, he says, "I would have been thought of as a weak leader."

When the Senate is conducting business, the majority leader spends much of his time on the floor. Even while in his spacious office, 30 feet from the Senate chamber, he listens to the debate by loudspeaker. Twice a month during the ses-

sion, he and the other Democratic congressional leaders exchange views on legislation with Carter over breakfast at the White House. On the off-weeks, Byrd and his lieutenants breakfast with O'Neill to decide which measures to push and which to bury. On the common situs picketing bill, they agreed that, because the toughest opposition was in the House, O'Neill should have first crack. The measure died in the House, and Byrd did not have to waste the Senate's time on the bill.

To break major deadlocks, he calls the antagonists to his office and pleads for compromise. On occasion, he names a mediator. If Byrd cannot work out Senators' differences on controversial legislation, he generally does not call it up for action. He tries to make a virtue out of his neutral style of leadership. Says he, in the slightly stilted language that is his trademark: "Leadership in the Senate requires an understanding of diverse viewpoints and an accommodation to a multitude of views." For Senators who are spoiling for a show-

down, he preaches a favorite homily: "It might not be a bad idea to back away to avoid a skirmish today in order to win the war tomorrow. Patience and tenacity have always worked. And one has to keep trying."

The majority leader resents his reputation as a mere technician. Says he, "One can never enact legislation unless he makes it possible procedurally, so the technician is really a substantive actor." Besides, Byrd points out, he has helped to write some important legislation, including measures that require Senate confirmation of the President's director of the Office of Management and Budget and that limit the FBI director to a ten-year term.

Byrd will take the lead in trying to forge a compromise on the Panama Canal treaty. Last week, in a move that significantly improved the treaty's chances, he vigorously supported it for the first time. He said that because of widespread opposition to the pact, Senators who vote for it would get "no political credit, no political mileage." But he described the treaty as "the best means of assuring

the Senate now authorizes each member to hire an aide to work full time on every committee assignment the Senator holds. In the House, the majority and minority staffs of each committee are supposed to serve the interests of all committee members from their party. Fortunately, Congress recently raised the amount of money Senators and Representatives can spend on personal office staffs, with the result that more bright and able aides have been hired. In 1972 there were 2,426 Senate aides and 913 Senate committee staffers; also 5,280 House aides and 783 House committee staffers—a grand total of 9,402. By 1976, according to Susan Hammond and Harrison Fox Jr., authors of a new book on congressional staffs, that total had jumped to 13,272. It is still growing.

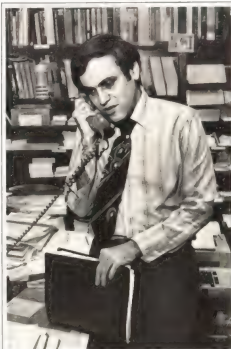
Some legislators and scholars are alarmed. Complaints South Carolina Senator Fritz Hollings: "There are many Senators who feel that all they are doing is running around and responding to the staff. My staff fighting your staff, your staff competing with mine. Everybody is working for the staff, staff, staff, driving you nutty." Contends Norman Ornstein, political scientist at Catholic University: "The staffs have vastly increased the work load. The more staff, the more meetings, the more hearings." Admits Indiana Congressman Dan Quayle: "It's very uncomfortable to be so dependent on staff, but I have to be. Seventy-five percent of the votes we cast are on issues we don't have a great interest in—so we'll talk to other members or to staff."

No political pro has any trouble keeping his staff advisers in

line with his own wishes. The most common relationship is symbiotic: the staffer knows the inclinations and needs of his boss and gets ahead by following those tendencies and filling the information gaps. One strong Senator, New York Republican Jacob Javits, now has a personal staff of 50. In addition, he has increased his own considerable influence by relying on such able committee aides as Don Zimmerman, minority counsel to the Senate Human Resources Committee. Javits, the ranking minority member on the committee, has used Zimmerman to develop far more clout, especially on labor matters, than the committee chairman, Democratic Senator Harrison Williams of New Jersey.

Zimmerman, 37, a George Washington University law graduate and top authority on labor laws, declares that the first rule of all staff work is: "Don't get too far out in front of your Senator."

Some aides have moved out front in political or administrative careers of their own. About 18 former aides are now Congressmen and four are Senators. Among other ex-aides are A. Daniel O'Neal, who is chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission; Michael Pertschuk, head of the Federal Trade Commission; and Charles Ferris, the new chairman of the Federal Communications Commission. More typical is Kenneth McLean, 43, staff director of the Senate Banking, Housing and Urban Affairs Committee. "I'd be a terrible politician," admits McLean. "To be a politician you have to go out and shake a lot of hands. It's a lot more fun to be a staffer."



Senator Jackson's aide Richard Perle

continued access to the use of the canal." Byrd and Senate Republican leader Howard Baker will insist that reservations be attached to the treaty, clarifying and firming up U.S. rights to defend the canal and have its ships go to the head of the line in times of emergency.

For the most part, Byrd's colleagues welcome his nearly unerring sense of where the Senators collectively want to go. Even Republicans give him high marks, at least for technical skill. Says New York's Jacob Javits: "He moves heaven and earth to keep the Senate going. But Mike Mansfield and Bob Taft [Republican leader in 1953] did not have to be majority leaders to be great Senators. Byrd is an efficient person in charge of the Senate."

Increasingly, Byrd is taking on another role: friendly adviser to Jimmy Carter. At the beginning of the last session, Byrd was wary of the new President. The majority leader was unsure whether Carter would give him proper deference. He also resented Carter's campaign attacks on Congress. So when the President's nom-

ination of former Kennedy Aide Theodore Sorensen as CIA director ran into trouble, Byrd sounded no warning. Says a junior Democratic Senator: "He just wanted to teach Carter a lesson." Sorensen withdrew under pressure. That lesson was followed by others, as Byrd repeatedly criticized Carter's legislative liaison staff as bumbling, finally declaring of the President last June "He's in over his head."

The relationship thawed slowly. Carter began seeking out Byrd's advice, and Byrd, his ego satisfied, began giving it more freely. Real trust developed in September when Byrd advised Carter to let go of Bert Lance. Says Byrd: "Carter listened carefully, seemed impressed with what I said, and even asked me to come back later." Now Byrd is telling the President that his approach to Congress last year was too soft-sell. With party discipline weak, advises Byrd, Carter must create his own congressional majorities by force of argument, which he has so far not done. Quips Dem-

ocratic Representative John Brademas of Indiana: "If Carter does that, he will truly have been born again politically."

With Byrd's coaching, Carter and Congress seem headed toward mutual respect this session, though probably not affection. The man from Plains is not the kind of bourbon-sipping, backslapping politician who gets along easily with the good ole boys in Congress. But he intends to work harder at consulting and compromising with them, and in the face of the November elections, the Democrats seem more willing to make peace with their President. In his State of the Union message this week, Carter will outline his urgent goals for 1978: an energy bill, a tax cut, the passage of Panama Canal and SALT II treaties, and Middle East peace. If most of those goals are achieved, the President's standing in the polls will doubtless move up. Then, when the time for hard campaigning begins, his support would become a valuable asset to even the most independent members of the balky new Congress who are running for re-election.

"More Difficult to Govern"

Typical of younger, newer members of Congress, Anthony J. ("Toby") Moffett, 33, is experienced, outspoken—and so independent that he did not even register as a Democrat until three weeks before he filed in 1974 to run for the House from northern Connecticut's Sixth District. Before that, he earned a master's degree in urban affairs at Boston College, worked with Boston street gangs for the U.S. Office of Education, was the first director of HEW's Office of Students and Youth, was a Senate aide to Walter Mondale and headed Ralph Nader's organization in Connecticut. Now a member of the House-Senate energy conference committee, he has led the fight to keep tight controls on natural gas prices and reform utility rates. Interviewed by TIME Senior Correspondent James Bell, Moffett echoed the mood of many in Congress. Excerpts:

Many of us come from nonpolitical backgrounds, and we believe independence is politically popular with our voters. We are particularly independent of party. You've got to consider that party organizations in many states are decrepit today. The party can't help you with money or even technical advice. So you build your own organization, and if it's good, you get elected. We don't owe leadership anything. And we're not afraid of it. Many of us were not even our party's choice in the primary campaigns.

The yardstick used in measuring a Congressman's success has changed. It used to be the number of bills you introduced. Now our constituents think that perhaps too many bills are introduced. What counts with our constituents is the service we give

them and how well we oversee laws already on the books. The public is certainly less deferential to any officeholder, including Congressmen.

Congress is also less deferential to the President than it used to be. Just before Christmas, I was summoned to the White House with other members of the energy conference committee. President Carter wanted to know if we'd work until Christmas and all that. Well, we were called at 4:30 p.m. to be at the White House by 5:30. All of us Congressmen made it by 5:40. I went on the subway. But the Senators didn't even start showing up until 6. One didn't arrive until 6:20, and another didn't come at all. I asked myself, "God! Is this the way we respect the President?" I always thought when you were called, you came. I guess this President has a problem with the Senators. He never belonged to their club. So maybe they aren't as respectful as they might be.

A lot of Democrats on the Hill had to do a lot of figuring about how to conduct themselves now that they had a member of their own party in the White House. We've learned that it's really no big deal for a Democratic Congressman to oppose a Democratic President.

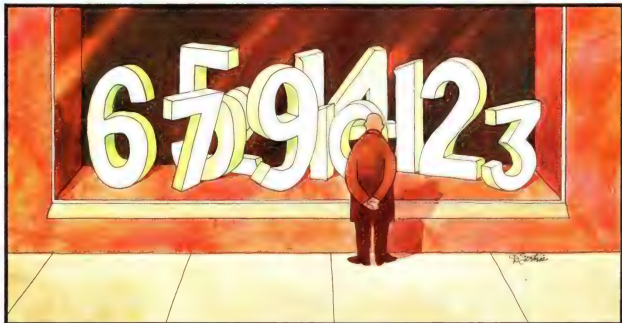
The new independence is too strong to disappear or even diminish significantly when some other President succeeds Carter. This means that it has become more difficult to govern, and it will get even more difficult in the future. Jimmy Carter can't call Tip O'Neill, like Harry Truman could call Sam Rayburn, and tell him to get up 200 votes. Everyone feared we Americans were going to become a homogenized people, and yet here we are with this tremendous diversity. That's not bad, but we can't reach consensus like we used to. That makes it difficult to make decisions.



Toby Moffett with a constituent at a gas station
It's no big deal to oppose a Democratic President.

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Death of an American Original

For Hubert Humphrey, politics was joy, and better days were always coming

Six a.m. in front of a factory gate in Miami, March 1972. A gaggle of droopy-eyed campaign aides and reporters. The somnolent scene suddenly springs to life. The candidate appears. Hubert Horatio Humphrey, once again running for the presidency. Smiles, handshakes, banter—only the voters are missing, since no one has shown up for work yet. No voters? Humphrey will find them. He sprints into the street, waving and calling out to passing cars. "Hi, I'm Hubert Humphrey." Drivers slow down, gaping. Humphrey thrusts a hand through the window for a hurried shake. Dodging the traffic as nimbly as a matador, he blurts out to nobody in particular: "I love it. I really love it."

He truly did, and the scene was repeated endlessly throughout one of the richest and most remarkable American political careers of this century. Humphrey was sheer political drive, unquenchable, unstoppable, irrepressible. He never stopped talking because he never stopped politicking. Politics was his life, his breath, his inspiration, his entertainment. The public and private Humphrey were indivisible: he was what he appeared to be. There were no dark patches of mystery. He kept so little distance from the voters that he suffered from what was called a "mystique gap." But when some of the hidden flaws of more heroic figures came to light, Humphrey's old-shoe familiarity shone by contrast.

He preached not only the politics of joy but the politics of plenty. He was the quintessential, unrepentant New Dealer. Government existed to serve the people, and the more of everything it served the better. He was easily moved to tears over the plight of others, and figured he was put in this world to do something about it. If he was always on the attack, it was seldom against people but against what he considered to be injustice and deprivation. Malice was not in his bones.

Bursting with ideas, he had a hand in more major legislation than any other public figure of his time. He was a driving force behind the civil rights bills of the 1960s, federal aid to education, the Peace Corps, Medicare and the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Humphrey, in fact, kept going at full liberal throttle when others were beginning to slow down and wonder if they had not gone too fast with programs that were not working out. But to reconsider, to calculate, to calibrate was not to be Hubert

Humphrey. When he died last week at 66 at his Lakeside home in Waverly, Minn., after a long and agonizing bout with cancer, his liberal boots were still firmly on

Frail and shockingly emaciated in his final illness, Humphrey nevertheless remained his old self, a last brave try at ebullience. Among his sickbed visitors were two friends, the Rev. Jesse Jackson, the Chicago civil rights leader, and Chicago *Sun-Times* Columnist Irv Kupcinet, who flew to Minneapolis to bid him farewell. "With all these parties we've had," quipped Humphrey, "they might as well cut back on the funeral arrangements be-

lie flown back to St. Paul for funeral services, and he will be buried in Minneapolis. "I loved him as a friend and respected him as an adversary," said Gerald Ford. To honor his old political opponent, Richard Nixon made his first trip back to Washington since he resigned the presidency. At a memorial service in the Capitol rotunda, President Carter said of Humphrey: "He has been an inspiration and a conscience to us all. His greatest personal attribute was that he really knew how to love." Said Vice President Walter Mondale, Humphrey's longtime friend and political ally



Muriel Humphrey (right) with Carters, Nixon, Ford and Rockefeller at Capitol memorial service. Politics was always his life, his breath, his inspiration, his entertainment.

cause all the eulogies have been delivered." With characteristic generosity, he described a recent visit by Gerald Ford, who, he said, would "go down in history as the man who restored dignity to the White House." Before leaving, Jackson joined hands with the others in the room and led them in a prayer for "this very special man."

A few hours before his death, Humphrey fell into a coma. At his bedside were his wife Muriel and their four children, including Hubert Humphrey III ("Skip"), a Minnesota state senator who is running for Congress this year. On word of Humphrey's death, President Carter sent Air Force One to Minneapolis to carry his body to Washington to lie in state in the Capitol Rotunda. Then Humphrey will

"He taught us how to live and, finally, how to die."

The future tireless and tenacious Humphrey could have been discerned in a boyhood exploit. He once astonished his father by memorizing all the drugs and their Latin names listed in the pharmacopoeia. He would obviously be prescribing for people for the rest of his life.

Humphrey was born in a room over the family drugstore in Wallace, S. Dak. "They were short of log cabins that year," he used to jest. Never mind. The drugstore served just as well in subsequent oratory. When the Humphreys moved to Doland, S. Dak., the drugstore there became an unofficial town meeting hall, presided over by the elder Hubert Humphrey, a devout prairie Democrat. Recalled the

Senator Hubert Humphrey campaigning for Vice President in Waverly, Minn., in 1964.

Nation



Humphrey at ten in Doland, S. Dak.

A drugstore was as good as a log cabin.

younger Humphrey: "I can never remember going to bed before midnight since I was twelve years old, except when I was sick. There was always talk, talk, talk."

Hubert went to the University of Minnesota, but he had to come home after his sophomore year. The Great Depression had struck, and his father needed him to help at the drugstore. For six years Hubert dispensed prescriptions and vaccinated hogs. Hard times confirmed him in the fundamentalist liberal faith from which he would rarely deviate in the years ahead. But even the darkest periods were usually sunny for Hubert. He met a hometown girl, Muriel Buck, at a dance, and she began eating lunch at the Humphrey drugstore. The pair were married and eventually had four children. Always quietly supportive, Muriel gamely campaigned for her husband, but she did not share his round-the-clock devotion to politics. She liked to cook, sew her own clothes and concentrate on family affairs. She tried in vain to keep her husband from running for President every four years.

In 1937 Hubert returned to the University of Minnesota, where he majored in political science and graduated Phi Beta Kappa. When World War II broke out, he tried repeatedly to enlist, but was turned down because of a double hernia and lung calcification. (During the crucial West Virginia presidential primary in 1960, he was unjustly accused of being a draft dodger by John Kennedy's supporters.) He served as Minnesota state director of war-production training, and in 1943 ran for mayor of Minneapolis. He lost, largely because the liberal vote was split between the Democratic Party and the Farmer-Labor Party. After the election Humphrey brought the two together



Senator: Shaking hands in front of factory during 1960 Wisconsin Democratic primary



Mayor: At 1948 Democratic Convention

in a merger that has dominated Minnesota politics ever since. Later he pushed out the Communists, who had become influential in the new Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party, thereby earning the enduring enmity of the far left.

With the D.F.L. Party behind him, Humphrey had no trouble getting elected mayor of Minneapolis in 1945 at the age of 34. Brash and boisterous, he proceeded to clean up the city's brothels, its police force, and its image in general. Said a Minneapolis newspaper: "He puts firecrackers under everything." Humphrey agreed: "I got the people all steamed up."

That was nothing compared to the fire he kindled as a delegate to the 1948 Democratic National Convention. He became an overnight liberal celebrity when he made a public demand for a strong civil rights plank in the party platform. "The

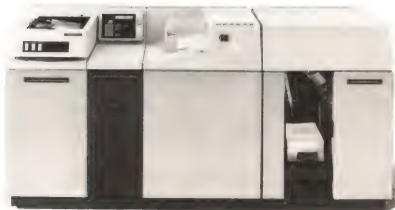
time has arrived," he told the convention, "for the Democratic Party to get out of the shadow of states' rights and walk forthrightly into the bright sunshine of human rights." The plank was adopted, provoking the creation of the Dixiecrat Party, which threatened to cut deeply into the Democrats' normally heavy Southern vote. Defeat seemed assured for the Democratic nominee, Harry Truman. But Truman won, and so did Humphrey, who was running for the U.S. Senate.

As soon as he arrived in Washington in 1949, Humphrey started tossing firecrackers again. In his maiden speech he announced that he had come to shake things up. "What the people want is for the Senate to function," he declared. "Sometimes I think we become so cozy—we feel so secure in our six-year term—that we forget that the people want things done." He spoke on every subject at every opportunity. "I can't help it," he explained. "It's glands."

But the more he spoke, the less he seemed to accomplish. He was frozen out by the Southern barons, who considered him a scandal. Eventually came the thaw. Georgia Senator Richard Russell called him a "damn fool," but any fool could learn, apparently, if he was tutored by Russell. Humphrey was also coached by that master strategist of the possible, Lyndon Johnson, who saw in the fiery freshman a possible avenue to the liberal presidency he needed in his quest for the presidency. It was a useful alliance on both sides, and it led to the vice presidency for Humphrey. But the cost was high: growing dependence on an overbearing personality who brooked no opposition and demanded total loyalty.

A new, wiser Humphrey began to emerge. He discovered compromise and maneuver and made friends within the Senate Establishment. That cost him some old friends, as he found himself at odds with more dogmatic liberals. "If I believe in something, I will fight for it with all I have," he explained. "But I do not

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Nation



Being bussed in Pittsburgh in 1968

Ebullient, heart-on-the-sleeve campaigns

demand all or nothing. I would rather get something than nothing. Professional liberals want glory in defeat. The hardest job for a politician today is to have the courage to be moderate."

As Humphrey developed his legislative skills, as he changed from one of the least popular members of Congress to one of the most popular, he became a logical contender for the presidency. It became for him, as for others, a near obsession. In 1960 he figured he had a chance. The man to beat was Senator John Kennedy, who was plunging into the primaries to demonstrate his appeal. The battle saw-sawed until the West Virginia primary, where the Kennedys spent a fortune to overcome the opposition to the candidate's Roman Catholicism. Humphrey's loss finished him off in the campaign. "I feel like an independent merchant competing against a chain store," he said. Always a good loser and fast rebounder, he served as a loyal, effective Senate whip during the Kennedy Administration. It seemed to be the ideal post for his talents and the culmination of his career.

Then came Kennedy's assassination, and Lyndon Johnson looked around for a running mate in 1964. Still the favorite of many liberals, Humphrey was the natural choice for a mistrusted Southerner with links to big oil. But Lyndon flirted with a variety of other possibles and kept Humphrey uncomfortably dangling until the convention was under way. Humphrey was not offended and grabbed the post when it was finally offered. "I weighed this decision not long but carefully," he said. "If there's one quality I do not have, it's reluctance."

Perhaps a little reluctance would have helped. Humphrey was so hungry for the

job that he bore the L.B.J. brand with hardly more complaint than the cattle on the ranch. In his autobiography, *The Education of a Public Man*, Humphrey described how Johnson invited him to the ranch and in the course of the visit ordered him to shoot a deer. The Vice President-elect, who abhorred hunting, did as he was told with obvious distaste. So Johnson told him to bag another deer. Once again, Humphrey obeyed his Commander in Chief. It was to be that kind of re-

tion, the demonstrators outside his hotel were locked in combat with the Chicago cops. "The whole environment of politics had come apart," he said later. "I mean it had become polluted and destroyed and violent." He rewrote his acceptance speech with the aim of calming passions and restoring a semblance of unity. "I literally prayed that I could get a hold of that audience and not have them walk out on me because of the humiliation of it, the incredible humiliation." He held



Strolling on the L.B.J. Ranch with Lyndon Johnson after their 1964 election victory

lationship for the duration of the Johnson Administration.

The rush, the scope, the energy of the Great Society was a perfect reflection of Humphrey as well as of Johnson; they were the ideal team to guide an innovative domestic Government. But they were distracted and eventually overwhelmed by the war in Viet Nam. As the conflict drew increasing liberal criticism, so too did the Vice President. He also grew doubtful about the war, but he had to defend it to the hilt in public. Otherwise, Johnson would have cut him dead and, after choosing not to run again in 1968, L.B.J. would not have supported Humphrey for President. Many liberals never forgave Humphrey for this loyalty to a lost cause or for having the temerity to differ with them.

By the time the 1968 convention arrived, the Vice President was the sworn enemy of a vocal and sometimes violent segment of the Democratic Party. Even while Humphrey was exuberantly kissing the TV set that announced his nomina-



With Muriel after withdrawal from 1976 race
Old-shoe familiarity with no dark patches.

his audience, but he sank in the polls, starting the campaign 15 percentage points behind his Republican opponent Nixon.

Humphrey waged a gallant uphill battle. Many members of his party had written him off as a hopeless case, and antiwar liberals sat on their hands and sniped at him. But his ebullient, heart-on-the-sleeve campaigning, in contrast with Nixon's plodding, uncommunicative style, made it a horse race. Humphrey was gaining in the polls and lost a squeaker. Had the election been held a day or two later, he might have had the momentum to overtake Nixon. With his usual candor, Humphrey admitted that he could not bring himself to read about Richard and Pat Nixon descending the White House stairway to the strains of *Hail to the Chief*.

In another rebound two years later, Humphrey was elected to the Senate with a walloping plurality. He returned to the wars with undiminished zest and the accumulated experience of three decades in politics. As an elder statesman, he quickly gravitated to a leadership position. He tried again for the presidency in 1972, but was mowed down by the New Left juggernaut behind George McGovern.

Totally absorbed in politics, Humphrey never had much time for other interests, always excepting his family. He was not much of a sportsman, but he loved to go out fishing on the lake by his Waverly home with some of his ten grandchildren. Or he might take family or friends out for a spin in his Model A Ford. Driving no faster than 25 m.p.h., he would chortle: "Now I wanta



Humphreys at tribute in House of Representatives in 1977
Foes forgot their grievances or were ashamed of them.

tell you, you'd better hang on tight because old Barney Oldfield here doesn't slow down for corners." But he invariably, lawfully did.

All his life Humphrey subscribed to the gospel of social uplift. Though a Congregationalist, he was not a regular churchgoer; he figured he would be judged

by his deeds. "I was taught that religion is something you live every day, and not just for Sunday," he explained. If anything brought him closer to God, he felt, it was the birth of his first granddaughter, Vicki, a mongoloid child, now 17. "Why us?" he thought. "We couldn't understand why. But out of that experience came a whole new sense of values for our family. This little girl taught us more love than all the Sunday school teaching I've had. I began to really understand what it means to love and be loved."

Then came a blow that brought him perhaps still closer to God. In 1973 growths on his bladder were diagnosed as possibly cancerous, and he was bombarded with radiation—a treatment that was as searing as the disease. "It was the most terrible experience of my life," he said. He seemed to make a recovery and announced his availability for the presidency in 1976, but for the first time he was unwilling to submit to the grueling primary fights. The prize went to a newcomer named Jimmy Carter. Just before the election, the doctors discovered that Humphrey did have cancer, and his bladder was removed, along with much of the old vitality. He looked aged and wan, though his eyes still danced and his tongue was not

stilled.

He loyally supported Carter in the Senate and gave him some sage advice straight off the drugstore shelf. When Carter pledged to balance the budget and cure inflation and unemployment all at once, Humphrey told him that if he succeeded, "we're gonna get you a brand new book

No Hemming, Hawing or Quitting

Though one of the most talkative politicians of modern times, Humphrey will be remembered for his deeds, not his words. They were rarely memorable, but they were invariably heartfelt. They expressed rather than camouflaged the real man. A Humphrey sampler:

On speaking his mind. "I've seen all these people that hem and haw. They never quite get around to saying where they are or who they are or what they are, what they want, where they've been or where they're going. You have to make some judgments; you just can't keep waiting for more evidence."

On the politics of joy. "Happiness is contagious, just exactly like being miserable. People have to believe that they can do better. They've got to know that

there's somebody that wants to help and work with them, somebody that hasn't tossed in the towel."

On helping others. "Compassion is not weakness, and concern for the unfortunate is not socialism."

On ruthlessness. "I know a lot of people tell me I'm not tough enough. Listen, there are enough tough people in the world."

On showing emotions. "A fellow that doesn't have any tears doesn't have any heart."

On being snubbed by President Lyndon Johnson, who thought he had leaked a story to the press. "I'm the living example that a man can be in the deep freeze for at least two weeks and still live. But then he'd give you that

quick thaw. A wink with one of those eyes was just like two cymbals coming together in a clash. He'd forgiven me in one flick of the eyelid."

On foreign policy. "We can't be the world's policeman, but we can be the world's idealist."

On adversity. "Some people look upon any setback as the end. They're always looking for the benediction rather than the invocation. Most of us have enough problems so that almost any day we could fold up and say, 'I've had it.' But you can't quit. That isn't the way our country was built."

On love. "The greatest gift that has come to me is the affection of so many—far more important than people feeling sorry for me. In fact, feeling sorry for someone is simply to give him a little pain reliever. Love is a healing force."

Nation

in the Bible. You're gonna have one all your own." He cautioned the President not to quarrel too much with Congress. "The Republicans will put it out that Democrats do not know how to govern." The President, said Humphrey, should use television as much as possible. "TV is the key. People don't want to read, not even the weather report." Carter, the Senator insisted, must inspire Americans the way Franklin Roosevelt did. "You have to have people saying of Jimmy Carter, 'That's my man.'"

Humphrey fought desperately to stay alive as long as he could. He submitted to experimental, vastly painful and debilitating drugs in the hope that if they were of no use to him, they might eventually benefit others. Once it was clear that his cancer was inoperable and there-

fore terminal, he returned to Washington from Waverly last October. He was greeted by the most spontaneous outpouring of affection for a politician in living memory. It was as if his obituary were being written collectively by a country that had finally learned to appreciate him at his full worth. Parties were held in his honor even if he could not attend. A new HEW building was named after him, and funds were collected to start a Hubert H. Humphrey Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Minnesota. Old foes forgot their grievances or were ashamed of them. A man wrote apologizing for his "rude and inconsiderate behavior" in disrupting a Humphrey speech in Boston in 1968. He could be sure that all was forgiven—and probably long ago. Republican Senator Robert Dole said that

it was easy to disregard the political differences. "You look at all the pluses of Humphrey, and they are endless. He has that certain quality that brings out the best in everyone."

Humphrey was the latest in a distinguished line of Senators, from Henry Clay and Daniel Webster to Robert La Follette and Arthur Vandenberg, whose impact on public life was greater than that of most Presidents. He did not achieve his lifelong dream of the presidency, but he inspired and sustained the dreams of many others for a better America. "The good old days were never that good, believe me," he once said. "The good new days are today, and better days are coming tomorrow. Our greatest songs are still unsung." Yet many of them were sung by Hubert Horatio Humphrey. —Edwin Warner

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Humphrey: What a Lucky Guy, What a Life

It has been a crackerjack of a funeral, to borrow a term and an attitude from Hubert Humphrey's own exuberant life. How he would have loved it. Airplanes and military honors, the President and the pages, good old hymns badly but enthusiastically sung, organs booming and preachers praying mightily all across the country.

What a grand spectacle. Newspaper headlines and network specials, editors hammering their typewriters to new heights of deadline eloquence: everything being gloriously overdone—at least a little. Friends from far and near in their dark suits standing around telling stories—solemnly at first—about their days and journeys with Hubert, beginning to chuckle and then to laugh out loud, and then reaching for another bourbon to ease the long, low ache that comes from knowing a great man is gone. Had Hubert, like Tom Sawyer, been able to sneak under the back pews at his own services and witness the proceedings (and, who knows, he might have—he sort of believed in those things), he would have swelled in the wonderment of tribute. But then he would have tipped around and bussed Muriel, winked at his friends and told everybody to wait a minute. A few tears, O.K., he appreciated that. But what a lucky guy he had been, what a life he had led. Every day a joy, every week an adventure. "Come on, let's celebrate," he would have said.

The problem was always how to organize a heart like Hubert's. It beat harder than anybody's, compelling its owner to laugh, shout and run off into every corner of America, bubbling with mirth and his special prairie exaltation. Too often he loitered along the political byroads of America, gabbing and shaking hands and studying individual faces as if each were from the easel of Michelangelo. Of course, he lost the big elections. And he danced with all the fat old ladies in the union halls after the speeches and the first beers. When asked why he squandered the time and the energy, he explained that fat old ladies needed the attention and appreciated it the most. Besides, he

said, it was his policy to spend as little time as possible sleeping. More people died in bed than anywhere else.

Hubert's heart was big and it worked overtime, but it was more tender than any heart found among the men of power. It was easily pierced by the tragedy and misfortune of others, but it possessed marvelous powers of recuperation. When the world thumped him hard, as it did that night in West Virginia when he lost the critical presidential primary to John Kennedy, he was an open wound for a few minutes. But then he gathered himself up in that moth-eaten room of the old Ruffner Hotel, went over and fixed himself a salami sandwich from the table of things he had personally bought for the victory celebration. He began right then to climb out of defeat back to his sunny pinnacle, a journey that he would repeat and repeat.

Hubert had an immunity to humiliation. When Lyndon Johnson imperially summoned him to the White House to tell him that he was to be the Democratic vice-presidential candidate of 1964, L.B.J. let Humphrey just sit in the White House limousine on the drive for half an hour. Hubert did not get angry. He took a nap. When Johnson, carrying his lesson of authority further, left him waiting outside the door of the Oval Office, Hubert plucked a book from a shelf and read about Thomas Jefferson.

How a man who wore suits with Italian cuffs, openly enjoyed his snowmobile and once was in love with a big, garish Cadillac with fins could ever espouse such an encyclopedia of urban and rural compassion is yet one more marvel in the Humphrey legend. "I'm not against those things," he once explained. "I just want everybody to get a little." And he relished a celebration. "If you think Andy Jackson had an Inaugural party, just wait until I get there," he promised when presidential hope burned bright. He missed that one by a few votes. So it is right and fitting he should have a good funeral now. He would have loved it.



Tinkering with his Model A Ford

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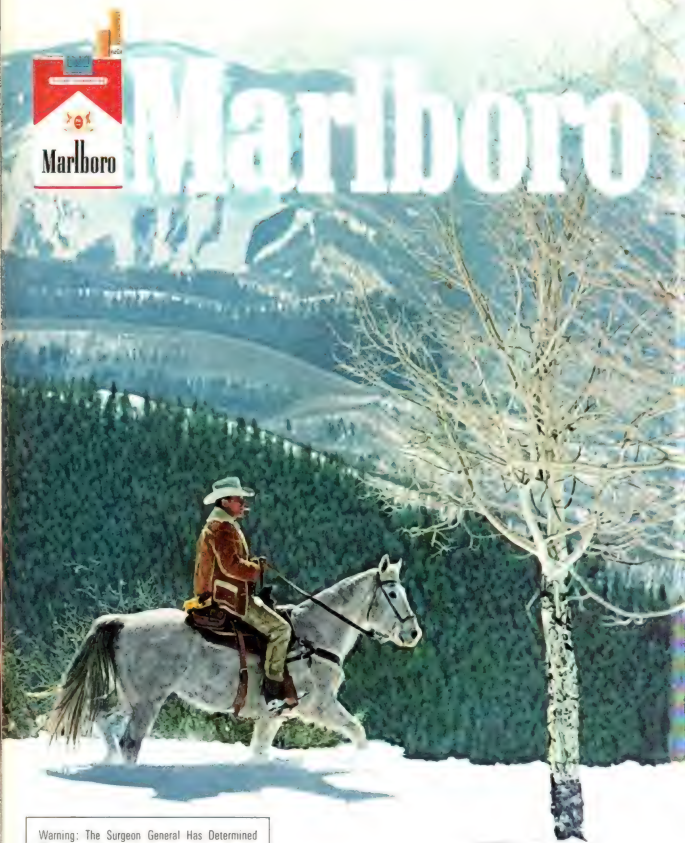
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Nation



Marston in his Philadelphia office

Carter's "Merit"

Bending a campaign promise

"All federal judges and prosecutors should be appointed strictly on the basis of merit without any consideration of political aspects or influence."

Had Jimmy Carter not made that statement during his campaign, a quarter of the 20 questions at his press conference last week would probably not have been about the removal of a Republican U.S. Attorney in Philadelphia. But once again, the President was hoist on his own pety.

The Philadelphia Attorney, David W. Marston, 35, is a Tennessee-born Ford Administration appointee who during 18 months in Pennsylvania has both shown a talent for public relations and built himself a generally deserved reputation as a dogged attacker of misdeeds in high places—which in the Keystone State are mostly occupied by Democrats. Earlier this month, word seeped out that Carter's Justice Department, having done nothing about replacing Republican Marston for a year, had formed a blue-ribbon panel of Philadelphia lawyers to recommend a replacement. The ensuing ruckus in Philadelphia raised questions at Carter's press conference.

Carter handled the Marston queries poorly. At first he said he had known nothing about Marston until he heard that Attorney General Griffin Bell was going to replace him. Then, under sharp probing from reporters, Carter conceded that he had telephoned Bell and asked him to "expedite" Marston's ouster after Pennsylvania Democratic Congressman Joshua Eilberg requested him to "look into" the Philadelphia situation. It was an uncomfortable admission to say the least, although Carter denied being aware of it. Eilberg has been implicated in a Marston investigation into financial irregularities in the construction of a Philadelphia hospital. While smilingly ignoring questions on why Marston was being dumped, Carter insisted that the choice of his replacement would be made "on merit and not politics."

Griffin Bell was more forthright. Said he, "We have two parties in this country. The In party right now happens to be the Democrats. There are a lot of complaints about Mr. Marston. They say we ought to have a Democrat as U.S. Attorney in Philadelphia."

Bell says that he decided early on that Marston, who had been an aide to Republican Senator Richard Schweiker with no prosecutorial experience to speak of, should be replaced. But lawyer friends of Bell in Philadelphia argued that he should be retained for a year since he had some major corruption investigations under way and his removal would smack of an attempt to take the heat off errant Democratic officeholders. In short, the timing was all wrong.

Now the timing is even worse. Marston has endeared himself to Philadelphians by being the first prosecutor in recent years to hit political corruption hard. In May, Marston got the state speaker of the house, Herbert Fineman, convicted of obstruction of justice in a case involving influence peddling to help students gain admission to medical schools. Just last month the most powerful member of the state senate, Philadelphia Democrat Henry J. Cianfrani, pleaded guilty to 106 counts on various charges—including obstruction of justice, tax evasion and mail fraud—involving efforts to place his girlfriend and others in no-show jobs on the senate appropriations committee.

The Marston flap inevitably raised questions of how nonpolitical Carter has been in dealing with all of the 94 U.S. Attorney jobs in the U.S. The Carter-Bell innovation of using panels of respected local lawyers to nominate new U.S. Attorneys is some improvement on the old system. But thus far, only one of the 65 federal prosecutors appointed by Carter has been a Republican. While the new officials have generally been of high caliber, it would appear that only those who are both well qualified and Democrats need apply.

Hoover's Home Improvements

The FBI, in peace and war, kept J. Edgar comfy

The next head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, whom President Carter is likely to nominate this week, will have a lot of image repairing to do at the house that J. Edgar Hoover built and ran for 48 years with a handful of longtime aides. New revelations about the director's imperial peccadilloes have emerged regularly since his death in 1972. Last week the Justice Department released a report that added more detail to the picture of petty privilege and cronyism at the FBI's top level during the Hoover reign.

The 40-page report was prepared by Justice's Office of Professional Responsibility, which was assigned to probe allegations of wrongdoing by high officials of the Hoover regime in 1976. The order was given by then Attorney General Edward Levi, after he concluded that the FBI's own investigation of the charges was a whitewash. Mostly, the report dwells on just how much Hoover, a stickler for rules as far as ordinary agents were concerned, could tolerate improper use of bureau resources by high officials—especially himself. In fact, much of the purpose of the FBI's exhibits section, which is supposed to prepare courtroom mock-ups of crime scenes, seemed to be to care for Hoover's colonial house in the capital's wealthy northwest district.



Nation

Exhibits-section employees painted the house annually. They also built a front portico, dug a fish pond and equipped it with a pump and lights, and made shelves, telephone stands and an Oriental fruit bowl for Hoover. They repaired his air conditioners, stereo equipment, tape recorders, television sets, electric wiring, lawn mowers and a snow blower. They sodded portions of his yard, installed artificial turf, planted shrubbery, built a deck in the rear of the house, a redwood fence, a flagstone court and sidewalks. They designed and constructed a power-operated window, reset clocks, polished metal, retouched wallpaper, provided firewood and rearranged furniture. "Employees were on call night and day for this work," notes the report, they "felt compelled to follow orders for fear of losing their jobs, or of arbitrary transfers or promotion delays."

The Justice investigators found that similar services were provided (on a lesser scale) to Hoover Aides John P. Mohr and Nicholas Callahan. These men were found to have destroyed records of an FBI "recreation" fund after Hoover's death,

and after Callahan had spent \$39,590 of the money for an unexplained "library fund." The two former officials, along with G. Speights McMichael, another aide to Hoover, were also held responsible for a questionable business arrangement. This involved purchases of electronic equipment, without competitive bidding, from the Washington-based U.S. Recording Co. between 1963 and 1975. One such purchase of burglar-alarm equipment in 1971 cost \$147,261.50, while the same equipment could have been bought from a New York supplier for \$81,357. An agent who complained about the cozy—and illegal—purchasing arrangement was told he was not a "team player" and transferred. Apparently, the Hoover aides valued U.S. Recording's silence about FBI eavesdropping practices; they also enjoyed frequent poker parties with the firm's owner, Joseph Tait. No evidence was found of payoffs from the company to FBI officials.

Crucial evidence in the investigation was supplied by John P. Dunphy, former chief of the exhibits section, who, in exchange for his testimony, was al-

lowed to plead guilty to the single misdemeanor of using bureau lumber to build himself a birdhouse.

Attorney General Griffin Bell, who released the report, said he did so because he felt a need to restore the integrity of the FBI. The report, he said, is "intended to assure the nation that the Justice Department can investigate and police itself." But the assurance seemed somewhat weakened by the fact that the probe will yield no indictments because the statute of limitations has run out. Evidently there are still more tales to be told about the house that J. Edgar Hoover built. Last week some FBI agents were privately critical of another, as yet unpublicized ritual of the Hoover era: the granting of \$500 to \$1,000 awards for outstanding service (known within the bureau as MVPs, or Most Valuable Player awards). It seems that headquarters officials liberally bestowed the cash on themselves, but shared it only stingily with their front-line field agents. As one FBI official observed: "The brass took care of themselves first."

Bad Weather, with Dividends

Snow, gales and goodbye drought

The water was heated to a soothing 80°, so the pool was full of happy swimmers. But not so happy was Lifeguard Steve Tourville. Watching over his charges, he sat in his chair wearing a suit of thermal underwear and three sweaters. Is this a Colorado ski resort scene? No, just an unusual 36° day at Walt Disney World in Florida. Across a broad sweep of the country last week, winter howled in with bone-numbing force. In the nation's capital, temperatures dropped 20°, to near zero, during a one-hour period.

Wind-chill factors turned scores of cities into veritable frostbite wards. From Michigan to the Carolinas, the cold became so severe that generating difficulties forced widespread cutbacks in electric power. At least 16 deaths were attributed to the weather.

Many of those, of course, were caused by gale-force winds and snow and ice storms. From the Canadian border to Virginia, the East Coast was battered by rain, sleet, snow and exceptionally high seas. New York City officials reported that

25% of Rockaway Beach was swept away by the pounding surf, while in Maine a combination of heavy rains and brutal winds wiped out coastal bridges and flooded shoreline cottages. Ohio Governor James Rhodes declared a snow emergency and called out 150 National Guardsmen to help Cleveland dig out from under massive drifts that had smothered the city. The West Coast too was washed by storms: a Pacific gale and a drenching rain sent huge waves crashing along the California coast, causing mudslides and damage to many shoreside homes.

South of the Mason-Dixon line, the onslaught of winter was no less vicious. A sleet storm came roaring out of Texas at midweek. In such cities as Birmingham

Gale-driven waves pounding beach in Southern California, where many seaside homes were damaged; Detroiters bundle up to wait for bus



and Memphis, the storm disrupted traffic and closed down schools and businesses. In Atlanta, where there are still fresh memories of a 1973 ice storm that downed trees and knocked out power lines for a week, the ominous reports emerging from Alabama and Tennessee sent downtown workers hurrying home early.

The mercury plunged, too, in the Midwest, where temperatures dropped as low as -25 in Bismarck, N. Dak., and -17 in Minneapolis. But there and in the West, the weather was so bad that it turned out to be good: the rain and snow fell in such massive volume that the worrisome two-year-old drought seemed virtually to be over.

Indeed, last week the executive committee of the Western Regional Drought Action Task Force, a 21-state organization formed to cope with mutual water problems, recommended that the group disband. Only California and Colorado will keep their drought task forces in operation.

In California, the state worst hit by the drought, precipitation during the rainy season so far has been 125% to 130% above normal. More important, the snow pack in the High Sierras, which provides California with the bulk of its water, is in some places twice as deep as it usually is at this time of year.

Some experts insist that it is too early to tell for sure if the drought is definitely washed up. Subterranean water tables are still way down, partly because farmers have depended heavily on well water to irrigate crops. But the major crisis has indisputably passed. The reason: a massive Eastern Pacific high-pressure system, which had long been stuck off the Northern California coast, finally dissipated. Now moisture-laden air coming in from the Pacific can flow over the Western states as usual during the winter instead of being shuttled aside by the out-of-place high.

While 1977 was a bumper year in dollar sales volume for California agriculture, farmers' net income was down an estimated 14% from the previous year. The reason is that the drought forced them to spend more money to drill wells (about 15,000 new ones), buy new irrigation equipment and pay for the electric power needed to run it. The state's livestock industry lost an estimated \$500 million in 1977; this year, according to the drought task force's Gordon Snow, "there'll be grass on the ranges for the first time in three years, and ranchers will start building herds again."

Parts of Colorado and other Western states are still badly parched, but deep snow in the Rockies promises a heavy runoff and good, soggy fields in the spring—not to mention a prosperous winter for ski resort operators. Says South Dakota Agriculture Director Robert Duxbury, echoing many happy officials, farmers and businessmen who live west of the Mississippi: "The turn-around has been unbelievable." ■



Carter meeting with N.A.A.C.P. Leaders Margaret Bush Wilson and Benjamin Hooks

New Allies in an Old Quest

The N.A.A.C.P. takes a fresh look at industry

Ever since the days of F.D.R.'s New Deal, black organizations have basically accepted the liberal premise that Government intervention is the best way to achieve economic justice. A corollary of that premise was that the private sector could contribute in only a secondary way to the aspirations of blacks and other poverty-affected minorities.

That attitude is now changing. Last week the nation's largest civil rights organization, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, released two policy papers that challenged Government regulations limiting free enterprise. In a sharp attack on President Carter's energy program, the N.A.A.C.P. called price controls on newly discovered oil and gas "incompatible" with supply needs and asked for more stress on development of nuclear power. Later, the organization attacked new fuel economy standards for trucks that had been proposed by the Department of Transportation.

The rationale for the two policy stands was basically the same: both the energy program and the fuel standards would adversely affect the economy—meaning, specifically, jobs for blacks. In its eight-page analysis of Carter's program, the N.A.A.C.P. argued that the White House had overemphasized conservation measures and had offered little or nothing to increase energy production. That stress, the organization charged, "reflects the absence of a black perspective" in drawing up the plan. If black unemployment is to be reduced, the N.A.A.C.P. went on, the nation's economy must grow rapidly. Since that requires more energy, oil and gas prices should be allowed to rise so that companies would have more incentive to step up exploration and output.

As for the fuel proposals—which would require most trucks weighing less

than 8,500 lbs. to average 20.5 m.p.g. by 1981—the N.A.A.C.P. argued that the strict standards would lead to "massive" layoffs in the industry and increase the costs of U.S.-built trucks, thereby contributing to an inflationary pressure that "fell harder on minorities than on any other group in the country."

At his Washington press conference last week, the President said that he had discussed the report with N.A.A.C.P. Executive Director Benjamin Hooks. Carter admitted that he was "surprised" by the energy statement and that he disagreed "strongly" with its conclusions. Other pro-industry manifestoes may soon be issued by the N.A.A.C.P., whose top leaders concede that they have lost some of their old faith in Government as the primary catalyst for affirmative action. Says Denton Watson, the organization's acting public relations director: "The oldtime civil rights coalition is no longer useful for blacks. Our old liberal friends are more concerned about environmental issues and about reverse discrimination. The N.A.A.C.P. feels that blacks must seek out new allies," and one of them, clearly, is the business community.

N.A.A.C.P. Chairman Margaret Bush Wilson argues that "there is a new, more sensitive and more perceptive attitude about some of the corporate leaders in this country." The N.A.A.C.P. will still look to Washington for help on problems where only Government can effect change. But beginning with energy issues, the organization is thinking pragmatically about a new kind of alliance—a partnership, says Mrs. Wilson, "between Big Government, the Big Minority and Big Oil. The three of us should sit down together and see what we can do [about full employment]. We've been creative in this country before. We can be again." ■



Carabinieri clean up following a street riot in Rome; a demonstrator being led away by police

World

ITALY

Communists and Crisis

Berlinguer's party stands poised for a dreaded role in government

The sounds and signals were only too familiar: scare headlines screaming from the Italian newspapers, angry demonstrators on the march, and the spectacle of grim-faced political leaders huddling long into the night. Yet the storm gathering force last week in Italy was more ominous than any of the change-of-government crises that have preceded it—on the average of one every ten months since 1946. Amid the worst violence to erupt in the country in five years, the 18-month-old minority government of Premier Giulio Andreotti, faltering for weeks, slid toward all but certain collapse. Andreotti was expected to submit his resignation to President Giovanni Leone early this week, thus setting the stage for the moment that democratic governments around the world have long dreaded. For the first time since 1947, the powerful Communist Party of Italy, led by Secretary-General Enrico Berlinguer, stood poised to assume a decisive role in the government.

The prospect so alarmed President Jimmy Carter that he recalled U.S. Ambassador Richard N. Gardner from Rome for consultations. For weeks, Gardner had been sending increasingly urgent cables warning of the deteriorating Italian situation. In Washington, in talks with Carter, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brze-

zinski, Gardner expressed his worry that the Administration's low-key approach to Eurocommunism—a stance he himself had urged—had left some Italian politicians with the mistaken impression that the U.S. did not care.

The upshot was a stern warning from the State Department. "Recent developments in Italy," said State, "have increased the level of our concern. Our position is clear: we do not favor [Communist participation in government] and would like to see Communist influence in any Western European country reduced. The U.S. and Italy share profound democratic values and interests, and we do not believe that the Communists share those values and interests." That kind of language, while several decibels below the threatening warnings of Henry Kissinger, nonetheless marked a new high point of concern by the Carter Administration on the subject of Eurocommunism.

The crisis in Andreotti's fragile government had been brewing since early December. Public impatience with its failure to reverse deepening unemployment and to solve other economic troubles was sharpened by a growing despair over an epidemic of violence (see box). Then came a sudden eruption of new bloodshed. The troubles began over the long Epiphany weekend, when a team of six extremists, presumably left-wing, pounced on a

neighborhood headquarters of the neo-Fascist Movimento Sociale Italiano (M.S.I.) on Rome's outskirts and assassinated two young people. In rioting that followed, another young M.S.I. member was killed in a clash with carabinieri.

In furious revenge, rightist youths rampaged through the district, overturning and burning parked cars, fire-bombing the house of a daily newspaper editor, and ransacking a suburban Communist Party cell headquarters. Guerrilla warfare spilled into the streets almost nightly. In the Alberone district near the Appian Way, police had to make repeated baton charges to break up a march of young ultraleftists who were determined to defy the city's ban against demonstrations. Simultaneously, half a mile away in the Tuscolano district, a contingent of carabinieri in gray combat gear had to use five armored vehicles to end an hour-long shooting spree by young rightists armed with automatic pistols.

Through this week-long nightmare, Andreotti's minority Christian Democratic Cabinet—never strong but unusually durable by recent Italian standards—was moribund. The government had managed to survive only because of a six-party "programmatic accord" negotiated last summer. The agreement gave the five nonruling parties a powerful voice in

shaping a number of major domestic policies. In return, they supported the government's specific legislation by abstaining on parliamentary votes. Berlinguer's Communists were the key partners.

The accord began to dissolve two months ago, when Andreotti had to face the grim requirements of this year's national budget. Badgered by the International Monetary Fund to contain spending in return for a \$530 million loan last spring, yet besieged by the nation's unions for more pump-priming public investment, the Premier fashioned a budget that tried to cover both bases. He proposed austerity measures raising transport, telephone and electricity rates, together with "selective" investments to stimulate the economy. The package pleased no one. It was more than \$10 billion above the spending target set by Italy's IMF watchdogs, and woefully short of what the

unions wanted. Angrily, 150,000 demonstrators marched on Rome in December, and labor leaders threatened a general strike for this week—now called off in the face of the expected government fall.

Fearing further labor unrest, four of the parties to the accord publicly abandoned the agreement. Three of them demanded a direct role for the Communists in the government. The small but active left-of-center Republicans bolted first, announcing that they would vote against the budget and pull their 14 votes into opposition in the 630-seat Chamber of Deputies. The restive Socialists (57 seats) were the next to defect. Though stopping short of joining the opposition, they renewed an earlier call for an "emergency" government that would include active Communist participation. The Communists themselves, who hold

228 seats, finally entered the confrontation in mid-December, when Party Boss Berlinguer, in a television interview, dramatically called for "a government of democratic solidarity." In the face of Italy's "grave and worsening crisis," he argued, the country needed "a formula that would equally commit the Communists, Socialists and Christian Democrats."

The various calls for Communist participation were not exactly signs of a sudden fraternal interparty amity in Italy. The Republicans argued that unless Berlinguer's soft-line Communism was given a direct voice in government, it might swiftly be replaced with a hard-line Marxist-Leninist brand. The Socialists, who have lost considerable ground to the Communists in recent years, wanted to stress their own sympathy for union militants and also to get the Communists on the voting record on issues they have avoided.

An Explosive Society

Italy's current political crisis has been exacerbated by a spreading plague of riots, looting, assassinations, kidnappings and bombings that has thoroughly unnerved Italians and turned the streets of many of their historic cities into battlefields. The death of three young neo-Fascists last week brought to 34 the number of politically motivated killings in Italy since January 1975. The total includes thirteen known or presumed extreme left-wing activists and seven neo-Fascists killed in clashes during demonstrations, in single assassinations and in raids on party offices. The others: five innocent bystanders caught in the crossfire of fierce street fighting, four police officers, two magistrates who were presiding over the trials of accused urban guerrillas, the president of the Turin Bar Association, the deputy editor of the Turin daily *La Stampa* and a neo-Fascist politician.

Most of the violence and killing is the work of an assortment of 115 identifiable extremist political movements, splinter groups and urban guerrilla commandos, 94 belonging to the far left and 21 to the neo-Fascist right. Between January and October 1977, ultras of one stripe or another were responsible for 1,693 attacks on people and property, an increase of 40% over the previous year and almost three times the total of 628 in 1975. Italy was also Europe's most explosive society: more than 2,000 terror-connected bombings occurred there last year, almost double the number in 1976.

Police last year seized 11,441 small arms, 937,711 bombs of various kinds and almost 15,000 lbs. of explosives. They also made 590 arrests throughout the year in connection with terrorist acts. These ranged from murder to a spate of leg shootings of journalists, lawyers and businessmen—including, in separate attacks, seven employees of the Fiat automobile company. Industrial sabotage and arson caused more than \$55 million worth of damage to factories, not counting numerous minor bombings of public buildings, government offices and party clubs all over the country.

Campus ferment reached its

climax last spring in widespread leftist-led student protests over bleak job prospects for new graduates and chronically overcrowded classrooms. At Milan University young "proletarian committees" brought teaching to a standstill, destroyed books and scientific instruments. At Bocconi University, a Milan business school, three masked urban guerrillas destroyed the computer center. In Bologna, a 25-year-old medical student was shot dead by police during a youth rampage in a 20-block commercial district near the campus, and his death triggered more bloody riots in Rome.

With the police so busy, an increase in general crime was inevitable. In 1977 reported crimes in Italy rose by 7.5% over the previous year—from 1,900,000 to 2,090,000. An average of eight out of ten of these crimes, or 13% more than in 1976, remained unsolved. Kidnaping, more often for profit than political motives—but occasionally for both—reached a record total of 76 in 1977. Since 1970, kidnapers have netted \$175.5 million in ransom money.

But the chilling fact was that of those kidnapped last year, 39 were never seen alive again, while the families of 17 victims last week were still negotiating. As the kidnaping spread, wealthy Italians hired bodyguards, barricaded themselves behind sophisticated electronic alarms or joined the quiet exodus from Italy to homes in Switzerland and New York City. Kidnapers were forced to lower their goals and seek smaller fry. But the pace showed no signs of diminishing.

Nor did the concern of commentators, some of whom began to draw grim parallels with the violence and political unrest that prevailed in Italy before the Fascist takeover in 1922. "Today, again, we have a determined minority waiting in the wings to exploit the first turbulence in our political, economic or social equilibrium," said Rome University Historian Rosario Romeo. "And if this were to happen, I would not vouch that civil strife could be avoided." However, others pointed out that in 1922 Italy was in a state of political anarchy, while the present government crisis, for all the chaos, is an example of the wobbly democratic process in action.



Wounded kidnap victim, with parents, after police rescue

The kidnapers were forced to seek smaller fry.

World

As for the Communist Party, Berlinguer and his fellow leaders had been under increasing pressure for nearly a year from rank-and-file members and far-left students who accused them of collaborating with Italy's Establishment. In past years the Communists were content to stay in the shadows; they remembered the coup against Salvador Allende in Chile, and they feared a similar polarization and result in Italy if the left tried to take power by itself. But the economic and social crisis accelerated their drive. The Communists were convinced that they had to show some progress in their promised constitutional climb toward power. As one senior Communist Deputy explained to TIME Rome Bureau Chief Jordan Bonfante: "A party as big as ours cannot afford to stand still indefinitely."

The Christian Democrats were sorely divided about how to respond to the new demands. Andreotti offered to renegotiate a new "programmatic accord" and invited experts of the other parties to help draft an alternative economic program. Some Christian Democrats seemed willing to let the Communists have a positive role as members of an "emergency majority"—that is, as voting members of the majority, without the Cabinet posts of an "emergency government." But Andreotti's right-wing Deputies vetoed that idea. After a series of stormy meetings last week, the Christian Democrats' 30-man directorate issued a predictable but disappointing offer, holding out the possibility of a new accord but firmly rejecting Communist participation in the government and apparently ruling out even an active part in the legislative majority.

Though many Christian Democrats were apparently encouraged by the Carter Administration's explicit disapproval of a strengthened Communist role, some thought the statement provocative enough to disown it. Said Foreign Minister Arnaldo Forlani: "These things have never helped to disentangle our situation." The



Communist Leader Enrico Berlinguer



Italian Premier Giulio Andreotti

A moment democracies have dreaded

Communists were infuriated. The party newspaper, *L'Unità*, denounced the statement as "heavy interference by the U.S. in the Italian political crisis." The Spanish Communist Party issued a sweeping condemnation, accusing the U.S. of "trying to block the rise of a free and independent Europe." In fact, the U.S. declaration pointedly repeated the Administration's position that its allies are "sovereign countries and the decision on how they are governed rests with them alone." One American policymaker explained that the U.S. was merely re-emphasizing a long-held position as a needed reminder in the changed circumstances of the Italian crisis. Returning to Italy, U.S. Ambassador Gardner crisply defended the action: "There is only one superpower that has a doctrine of limited sovereignty, and that power is not the United States."

The refusal of the Christian Democrats to yield on increased Communist participation prompted the Communists in turn to stiffen their own stance. Declared one party policymaker testily: "For 30 years all the governments in this country have been based on the prejudice that the Communist Party is somehow a B-league party capable of everything except governing. But the galloping crisis now demonstrates that still another government based on that prejudice would be insufficient, to say the least."

If the two major parties do fail to find any new *modus vivendi* after Andreotti's expected resignation, the only option is early elections. The prospect, risky as it might be, did not bother many Christian Democrats as much as the step-by-step Communist advance on power. But elections would doubtless be a trauma that neither Communist nor Christian Democrat would savor right away, and there are likely to be weeks of painful maneuvering and counter-maneuvering before they are willing to face that drastic ultimate step. In the meantime, the violent voices resounding through the streets of Italy can be counted on to add their own strident note of urgency. ■

The Economy: A Stained Ledger

"Non si tocca—il posto di lavoro!" (Keep your hands off—my job!) That chant by demonstrators protesting dismissals by Montedison, Italy's giant chemical company, rang out ominously last week—a part of a Greek chorus that increasingly laments an economy gone sour. A glance at Italy's stained ledger:

- Unemployment stands at 7.4%, or 1.7 million out of a labor force of 23 million. Of the unemployed, more than 1 million are young. Parliament allocated \$12 billion last year to provide between

500,000 and 600,000 jobs for unemployed youth, but the effort was an almost complete failure. Though 650,000 people signed up, there have been only 62,000 job openings thus far.

- The government reduced inflation from 22% in 1976 to 12% currently, but at the cost of lowering the economic growth rate to 2%, v. 5.6% in 1976. As a result of lessened business activity last year, tax revenues from 1977 are expected to be down \$2 billion.

- The monumental 1976 trade deficit of \$6 billion was more than halved last

year, while the 1977 balance of payments produced a \$2.3 billion surplus. But this was accomplished by imposing stiff credit restrictions and astronomical lending rates of up to 22%.

- Per-unit labor costs in manufacturing, which had risen 45% over the previous two years, increased even further because of automatic cost-of-living increases and social security obligations that have skyrocketed to 100% of a worker's basic salary. These gains, negotiated by militant trade unions, fail to touch a booming black-market labor force of some 8 million who work for low pay and no fringe benefits.

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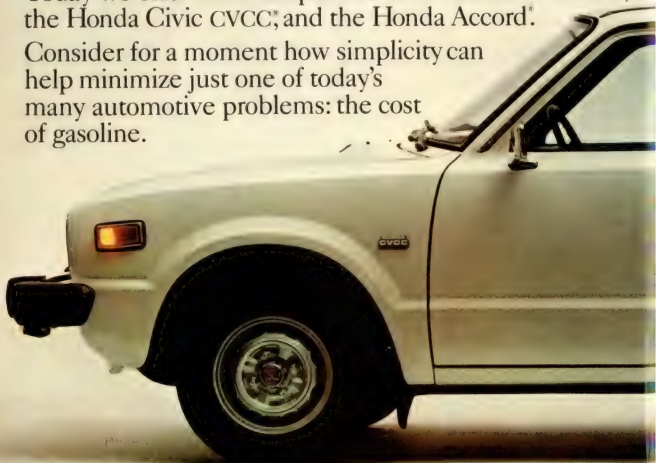
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FRANCE

Brawling Before the Elections

The emergence of an unprecedented four-sided battle

While the Italian political crisis was erupting, the politicians in France last week were heading for their own denbybrook. On the one side, a rift in the painfully constructed union of the left widened dramatically, with the Communists denouncing their Socialist partners. On the other, the faltering government of Premier Raymond Barre was faced with a sharpening hostility between supporters of Barre's boss, President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, and Paris Mayor Jacques Chirac, who had been Premier himself before he quit to reorganize the Gaullist party. What was once anticipated to be a clear-cut duel between left and right in the March parliamentary elections had degenerated to a four-sided political brawl. Unlike their Italian brethren, who were surging forward, France's Communists were spewing gall.

It was time formally to open the campaign for the forthcoming elections, and the left was in utter disarray. In 1972 the Communists and Socialists had combined forces to create a "common program" of ideas with which they would rule France together. Not six months ago, in fact, French pollsters had predicted an electoral victory of the left that would have given President Giscard the unhappy prospect of appointing a Socialist as his Premier and seeing Communists in the Cabinet. But a serious political falling-out between Communist Boss Georges Marchais and Socialist Party Leader François Mitterrand seemed to sink that possibility; in an attempt to update their common program, the two could not agree on the extent to which some of the nation's top industries should be nationalized once the left assumed power.

Last week, Marchais declared that the time had come for "a formidable battle" against the Socialists. Among other things that upset him, Marchais was enraged because two weeks ago Jimmy Carter had warned the Socialists' Mitterrand that the U.S. would be displeased to see a renewal of the leftist alliance. (Evidently embarrassed, Mitterrand denied Carter had said any such thing.) Marchais charged that his erstwhile partner had made a treacherous "right turn" in connivance with "forces beyond our frontiers." Accusing the Socialists of duplicity, he said that he was "irresistibly reminded" of the doubletalking bat in a La Fontaine fable who masqueraded as a mouse or, when it proved more expedient, as a bird.

To hammer home his displeasure with the Socialists, Marchais unveiled a strategy that if pursued to the end would virtually assure the left of defeat in March. In the first round of voting, on March 12, the electorate chooses its favored candidates in an elimination contest. In the sec-

ond, or runoff, round, held a week later, the custom among allied parties, left or right, requires the losing side to support the first-round winner. Thus if a Socialist candidate scored higher in Round 1, he would receive Communist support in Round 2. But Marchais decreed that the Communists would refuse to vote Socialist in the runoff if they received no more than 21% in the first round. That was precisely the percentage that the polls were predicting for the Communists. It was simply an act of political blackmail, aimed at strengthening the Communist Party at the expense of the Socialists.

Thus did Marchais demonstrate that the motive for his break with the Socialists last fall had more to do with power politics than with ideology. The Communist Party, once the dominant political

tivity and position of dominance within the government. In addition, he refused to support Giscard's economic programs.

Giscard was further burdened by his own lackluster Premier. Barre is a former economics professor who has pursued an unpopular austerity program. Last week he launched the government's campaign with a 30-point program of "action goals for liberty and justice"—mainly measures calculated to ease economic pressures on businesses and workers.

Taking a swipe at the left, Barre asked a party rally: "What future is reserved for France if production is disorganized by massive nationalizations, if all economic activity is controlled by state-owned banks, if inflation accelerates because of excessive increases in wages and social benefits, if our trade balance deteriorates, if our currency depreciates rapidly?" Answering his own question, he replied: "What future, if not the closure of our borders, isolation, inward regression, international decline and more



Communist Party Chief Georges Marchais at press conference after his Paris speech

He was irresistibly reminded of a bat, or maybe it was a mouse, or a bird.

force on the left, has been overshadowed by the Socialists in recent years. Communist support has remained roughly stable—about 20% of the electorate—but the Socialists have climbed from 5% to nearly 30% since 1969. Marchais obviously felt that it would be better for the left to lose the elections altogether if the Communists could not win on their own terms. Mitterrand was clearly angered. "Is it possible," he asked, "that the Communist Party, under the pretext of not achieving a certain percentage, would sacrifice the immense hopes of the French?"

Giscard could take some consolation from the disarray on the left, but his side, too, was afflicted with internal bickering. His coalition could not continue to rule without the Gaullists, who now control 60% of the government's parliamentary majority. But the Gaullists' Chirac was intent on retaining his party's separate iden-

and more constraints on our economy and our society."

Under different circumstances, Barre's classic political mix of threats and rewards might have won approval from French voters, but his promises seemed to lag behind reality. Unemployment stood at 1.05 million (4.8% of the work force); inflation, down a mere half-point since Barre took over 17 months ago, is still racing along at an annual rate of 9%, and the economic growth rate crept at a sluggish 3%. The irony was that despite the falling out between Marchais and Mitterrand, the latest polls showed a 51% to 45% voter preference for the left. The two-phase elections, however, will not necessarily produce like results. Referring to Marchais's intransigence, a Socialist leader last week sized up the prospects. "If there is no electoral accord," said he, "the left will lose."

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World

MIDDLE EAST

At the Beginning of a Long Tunnel

What to do about all those Israeli settlements

Throughout the frenzied two months of Anwar Sadat's peace initiative, the Egyptian President has been unfailingly optimistic. But late last week, at the close of the first round of meetings between the Israeli and Egyptian Defense Ministers in Cairo, Sadat's spirits seemed to falter. In an interview in the authoritative *October* magazine, Sadat said he had "absolutely no hope" that Egypt and Israel can agree on a declaration of principles that Cairo seeks as a basis for a comprehensive settlement. The peace process was in danger, he explained later, because of two important unresolved issues: the question of Israeli settlements in the occupied territories and the future status of Palestinians in the West Bank and Gaza.

Privately, close aides of Sadat insisted that such negative statements were basically a tactical attempt designed to put pressure on Israel. They said Sadat remained hopeful that this week's meeting of Foreign Ministers in Jerusalem would prove more fruitful. U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, who was due to take part in the meeting, abruptly delayed his departure to Jerusalem by 24 hours while Egypt and Israel haggled over the agenda. Then, just as abruptly, Vance rescheduled his trip for Sunday night, reassured that progress could be made. State officials hinted that the postponement was intended as a signal to both sides that they should



Settlers demonstrating against concessions

try harder to settle their differences.

One such issue: Israeli settlements in the Sinai, which was the focus of discussion between Israel's Ezer Weizman and Egypt's General Mohammed Abdel Ghany Ghamasy who met in the Tahrir Palace on the outskirts of Cairo. Privately, both sides insisted that the Sinai settlements were not a fundamental problem. In fact, one leading Egyptian official told *TIME* Cairo Bureau Chief Wilton Wynn: "We suspect the Israelis are making so much of the Sinai settlements in order to establish the principle of settlements in the occupied territories—and later to apply that principle to the West Bank and Golan Heights. Their interest in the Sinai settlements is mainly symbolic." Dismissing the Sinai settlements as a minor issue, another well-informed Egyptian asked: "Why not just run the Egyptian flag up over them and forget about them?"

In fact, Israel's insistence on keeping its mainly agricultural settlements in the occupied territories is based neither on security requirements nor historical parallels but on economic and political considerations. The approximately 90 settlements (20 of them in the Sinai) have cost about \$1 billion to build. They are inhabited today by only about 11,600 Israelis. 3,000 in Sinai, 4,500 in the West Bank and 3,500 on the Golan Heights. In addition, about 50,000 Israelis have settled in the formerly Arab-held suburbs of Jerusalem. Altogether, their numbers are not great, but the settlers have attained a sizable degree of political power and strongly oppose territorial withdrawal. The question



Aerial view of Yamit, one of 20 Israeli settlements in the Sinai that have become a critical issue in the Israeli-Egyptian negotiations

The fact is that Jerusalem's insistence on keeping the settlements is based on neither security requirements nor historical parallels.



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World

last week was whether Israel has launched a new settlement program in the northern Sinai. For two weeks there were repeated news leaks to that effect, followed by official denials. Eventually, most observers concluded that the leaks were part of a bid by hawkish Agriculture Minister (and former general) Ariel Sharon to try to force the government to approve the concept of new settlements. On his own initiative, Sharon dispatched eight bulldozers to start work on ground clearing in the northern Sinai. The affair did not amuse Premier Menachem Begin, who told colleagues: "Sharon is disloyal. His days in the Cabinet are numbered." Still, to pacify Israelis who are

Another Israeli negotiator told TIME Correspondent David Halevy: "We're entering the minefield, but we have so far managed to avoid stepping on the mines." During lunch and dinner breaks, the soldiers compared notes on their respective military academies and swapped war stories. "The Egyptians talk mostly about the October War, and we talk about the Six-Day War," noted an Israeli wryly. When somebody raised the question of what kind of work old soldiers should go into after they retire, an Israeli and an Egyptian shouted almost simultaneously: "Export-import!" and the group broke into laughter.

The first objective of the Foreign Min-

In the meantime, the Shah of Iran visited Sadat in an effort to find a way to invite King Hussein's participation. The Shah also favors the creation of an autonomous West Bank-Gaza region under Jordanian sovereignty. He then flew to Riyadh for talks with Saudi Arabian leaders. The Saudis share the Shah's desire for a settlement, though they have a longstanding suspicion of the Iranians and are privately uneasy about the possibility of an Iranian-Israeli-Egyptian axis emerging after an eventual peace settlement.

Thus far, the Saudis have carefully refrained from openly endorsing Sadat's peace initiative, partly because they fear he will fail. Now, apparently, they are having second thoughts. In Beirut last week, a former Lebanese Premier, Saeb Salam, strongly supported Sadat. Since Salam is widely regarded as Riyadh's man in Lebanon, the Arab world interpreted his words as an indirect sign that Saudi Arabia, with its enormous economic powers of persuasion, was moving toward an open endorsement of Egypt's position. That possibility alone should serve to bolster Anwar Sadat's sagging spirits. ■

INDOCHINA

The Two Hands Of Hanoi

For Viet Nam, friends and enemies are not what they were

Do not fear when your enemies criticize you. Beware when they applaud.

The ancient Vietnamese proverb, quoted by Deputy Foreign Minister Vo Dong Giang last week during a visit to Bangkok, had an odd ring. Viet Nam was courting its former enemies and criticizing its former comrades.

In past months, Giang and his diplomatic colleagues have undertaken a sophisticated policy that could be called "the two hands of Hanoi." On the one hand, they have waged war; on the other, they have mounted an intensive good-neighbor campaign. Ironically, the war is being waged against Communist neighbor and supposed ally Cambodia, while the peace offensive is aimed at Thailand and other members of ASEAN (the Association of Southeast Asian Nations).

On the war front last week, Vietnamese troops strengthened their hold over the Cambodian salient known, because of its shape, as the Parrot's Beak. Rolling across the border into the beak with captured American armor, artillery, air support*—and tactics—General Vo Nguyen Giap's 60,000-man force easily shattered

*When South Viet Nam surrendered, Hanoi confiscated large stores of U.S. equipment, including more than 500 aircraft of all types, 600 tanks, about 470 helicopters, 1,200 armored personnel carriers and 1.6 million rifles.



Pope Paul VI greets Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan at the Vatican

The future status of Jerusalem's holy places was still a matter for discussion.

upset about the prospect of withdrawal, Begin's government approved three new settlements in the West Bank and legalized another that had already been built without authorization.

Apart from the question of settlements, the Defense Ministers discussed such Sinai issues as a timetable for Israeli withdrawal (Egypt favors an 18-month deadline, Israel three to five years); the size and location of demilitarized zones; the status of two airfields (which Israel hopes to keep); security arrangements (both sides agree in principle to early-warning stations); and free access to adjacent waterways. The Egyptians are ready to proclaim the Strait of Tiran an international passage and to place a police force at nearby Sharm el Sheikh to assure freedom of navigation.

The Cairo talks opened in a mood of camaraderie, with both Weizman and Garmasy expressing measured optimism about the outcome. "It's a long tunnel," Weizman remarked, "and for the moment we are only at the very beginning of it."

isters' meeting in Jerusalem this week will be to find a formula for the West Bank and Gaza Strip that both Israel and Egypt can accept, and one, moreover, that would tempt Jordan's King Hussein into joining the negotiations. Sadat's proposals, which he discussed with President Carter at Aswan two weeks ago, still envision self-determination (though not specifically statehood); in the declaration of principles, the Egyptians are ready to accept a phrase such as "a solution of the Palestinian problem in all its aspects." Cairo is also prepared to accept a lengthy transition period (probably five years) for the West Bank, hoping that the region would gradually develop permanent links with Jordan. During that period, Israeli forces would be withdrawn and replaced by U.N. and Jordanian forces. An agreement on the complex question of Jerusalem must also be reached; at the Vatican last week, Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan discussed the matter with Pope Paul VI, who advocates a "special statute" assuring free access to Jerusalem's holy places.

Khmer Rouge defenders. Although Hanoi acknowledged that Cambodian forces had launched a broad counterattack into seven Vietnamese provinces, General Giap's forces were believed to be still in control of key border sectors and were securing their military victory through the formation of a provisional government composed of local Khmer sympathetic to Hanoi.

The war, in any case, was overshadowed last week by a diplomatic road show: a 20-man delegation led by smiling Foreign Minister Nguyen Duy Trinh has been visiting in Laos, Malaysia, Indonesia and the Philippines. In the ASEAN capitals, Trinh called for "a new period for the development of relations, friendship, good neighborliness and long-term cooperation." Hanoi's game plan appeared to be twofold: to explain and justify its invasion of Cambodia and, in long-range terms, to loosen its bond to Moscow. The Vietnamese appreciate Soviet assistance, but they do not want a bear hug. Thus in the ASEAN capitals they were laying groundwork for negotiations on economic cooperation and establishing or expanding trade relations.

Thailand, under a new, less antagonistic regime, welcomed the visit. The jovial Vietnamese were received at Bangkok airport with lilac-scented garlands called *puang malais* and elegantly chauffeurled about town in capitalistic Cadillacs and Lincoln Continentals. There was even a cocktail party for Trinh, to which delegations from foreign embassies were invited.

Hanoi's two-handed diplomacy has already achieved one significant and rewarding result. Peking, which originally backed Cambodia while Moscow supported Viet Nam, last week showed a new evenhandedness by publishing the communiques and claims of both sides in the Parrot's Beak confrontation. Despite an assertion in Washington by presidential National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski that the Viet Nam-Cambodia conflict was a "proxy war" between China and the Soviet Union, neither superpower had in fact taken a direct role in backing an ally and neither appeared eager to do so.

Hanoi, at least, was ready for meditation and, more than that, for a new, broad harmony between Communist and non-Communist nations. Some analysts worry that Viet Nam may yet rekindle Ho Chi Minh's old dream of a Communist peninsula under Viet Nam's domination. But Thai Foreign Minister Upadit Pachariyangkum emerged from last week's Bangkok discussions with his Vietnamese guests considerably more optimistic. "They seem determined to reconstruct their economy and make life better for their people," he told TIME Correspondent David DeVoss. "They understand that peace and stability are prerequisites to that task." Such a position, to Upadit, indicates a triumph of economic necessity over political ideology. ■

NICARAGUA

Shotguns Silence a Critic

A political killing touches off another Managua earthquake

Five years after the earthquake that killed 10,000 people and sent office buildings tumbling into one another like falling dominoes, the downtown area of Nicaragua's capital city of Managua is still a semi-ghost town of empty lots and damaged structures. But the streets are passable again and often clogged with traffic. Thus Newspaper Publisher-Editor Pedro Joaquin Chamorro Cardenal, 53, was driving at a leisurely pace last week as he headed from home on one side of the city toward his office on the other at *La Prensa*, the country's largest newspaper (circ. 30,000). Because he was driving so slowly, Chamorro was unable to escape when another car that had been following his Saab suddenly drew abreast. Shotguns were poked from the window of the car, and a series of blasts struck Chamorro. His car went out of control, jumped a curb and struck a lamppost. Rushed to a hospital by medics who first assumed he had been in an auto accident, Central America's best-known newsmen died on the examining table.

For 30 years Chamorro had been a relentless critic of Strongman Anastasio ("Tacho") Somoza and his family, who have ruled the nation for more than four oppressive decades. His death caused a political earthquake in Nicaragua, and his funeral quickly dissolved into a political event. A crowd swelling to 40,000 followed the coffin from the hospital mortuary to Chamorro's home and then to *La Prensa*'s office. The angry marchers moved on to burn a Somoza-owned textile mill and a commercial blood bank that Chamorro had exposed for selling Nicaraguan blood abroad at a lucrative profit. Some stoned a police station, the cops responded by lobbing tear gas into *La Prensa*'s building. The crowds shout-

ed "Death to Somoza!" and "Down with Yankee imperialism!" Among a score of buildings set afire was an American bank. To forestall further rioting, the government pressured Chamorro's family to bury him ahead of schedule.

Chamorro's supporters blamed Somoza for the shooting. They had good cause to suspect him. Ever since the two were eight-year-old schoolboys, Chamorro and Somoza had been enemies. In those days, Somoza told TIME last week, they fought because Chamorro's family paper "kept attacking my dad, and I couldn't stand for that." Dad was Anastasio the elder, who took over the country in 1936. After his assassination in 1956, his son Luis became *Jefe*, and after Luis' death in 1967, Tacho succeeded him. Those childish



Murder Victim Pedro Joaquin Chamorro



Angry crowds carry Chamorro's coffin to his newspaper office

More to lose from creating a martyr than to gain from silencing a critic.

World

THE PHILIPPINES

Tales from Disiniland

How to succeed in business if you know the right people

schoolyard battles were merely the start of Chamorro's lifelong crusade to unseat the dynasty he would one day describe as "permanent parasites, stealing and corrupting everything in sight." Chamorro became a student agitator at the University of Managua, followed that with a brief adventure as a guerrilla leader who tried to take on Luis Somoza's Guardia Nacional with a thin band of insurgents. He was sentenced to a nine-year prison term for his abortive rebellion. After serving 18 months, he was released in a general amnesty.

Since that time, Chamorro had confined his attacks within his family's constantly censored newspaper. After a deadly band of anti-Somoza guerrillas known as the Sandinistas—with whom Chamorro was sympathetic—launched an offensive against the national guard last October, Chamorro was forbidden to leave the country. Three months ago, he received an unexpected respite. Tacho Somoza, who denies all accusations of tyranny in Nicaragua, could hardly refuse to let his most persistent critic fly to New York City to receive the Maria Moors Cabot Prize from Columbia University for his "distinguished journalistic contributions to the advancement of inter-American understanding."

Somoza insisted last week that he had nothing to do with the murder of his longtime adversary. "I am very chagrined at Pedro Joaquin's killing," he told *TIME*. "He was in the opposition, but he was in the honest opposition." The day after the shooting four men were arrested. One of the accused, Silvio Peña Rivas, told a Managua judge that he had been paid 100,000 cordobas (\$14,285) to kill the publisher. He said that payment had been made by Pedro Ramos, a Cuban-American, who was owner of the blood bank that Chamorro had exposed in Miami. Ramos termed the charge "a monstrosity."

Whatever the motive, the killing was another problem for Tacho Somoza, already awash in a sea of trouble. Somoza nearly died from a heart attack last summer, even though he shed 40 lbs. from his previous 240. He has still not yet fully recovered. Politically, the regime is shakier than ever before in the course of its 45 years. The U.S. last year threatened to cut off Nicaraguan aid because of continuing violations of human rights. Partly to appease Washington, Tacho lifted the martial law he had imposed to subdue the Sandinistas. Meanwhile, a new and growing opposition from businessmen and church leaders is increasingly active.

At week's end, Somoza announced that he would give up the presidency when his term ends in 1981. Under the 1974 constitution, no member of his family can succeed him. Somoza will undoubtedly pick a trusted stand-in as puppet President, however, and keep his job as head of the national guard—thus continuing to run the country.

Two hours' drive west of Manila in Batangas province, a sprawling 620-megawatt nuclear power generator is rising on a cliff overlooking the ocean. Its \$1.1 billion price tag makes it the most costly single venture in Philippine history. It also represents a record-breaking financial windfall for the country's champion wheeler-dealer, Herminio Disini, 41. His total commissions from the project could top \$40 million.

What makes Disini's services so valued? It might be his very close friendship with President Ferdinand Marcos, a connection that, according to veteran

ipino who has been known to profit from a personal relationship with Marcos. Since the President imposed martial law in 1972, his relatives and cronies, as well as those of his glamorous wife Imelda, the governor of Manila, have been amassing huge fortunes. Their blatant influence peddling has prompted one amazed diplomat in Manila to observe: "It's incredible what they've taken over." Marcos' sister Elizabeth Marcos Keon, for example, is governor of Ilocos Norte province, and Benjamin ("Kokoy") Romualdez, Imelda's brother, who owns the *Times Journal*, one of the capital's major dailies, is



President Marcos tees off at Manila tournament as Crony Herminio Disini looks on. A \$40 million windfall for the wheeler-dealer—or the possible loss of his empire.

observers in Manila, was invoked to win a major share of the government's nuclear plant construction contract for Disini's client, Pittsburgh's Westinghouse Electric Corp. Allegations about the suspicious nature of Disini's services recently prompted the U.S. Export-Import Bank, which is providing much of the financing for the project, to ask the Justice Department to determine whether Westinghouse made improper payments to a foreign business agent. Troubled by an embarrassing international scandal, President Marcos last week told *TIME*. Correspondent Richard Bernstein: "Westinghouse has some things to explain to our government. If there has been anything illegal committed by Westinghouse, our lawyers are considering canceling the contract with Westinghouse and giving it to somebody else."

Disini, of course, is not the only Fil-

govnor of Leyte province and heads the League of Provincial Governors and City Mayors Roberto Benedicto, a frequent Marcos golfing partner, has acquired three television stations since martial law was imposed (giving him a total of four) and is chief of the Philippine Sugar Commission.

No one, however, can quite rival the meteoric rise of Disini, a Marcos buddy whose wife is a cousin of Imelda's and former governess to the First Couple's three children. In the past six years, Disini has transformed an otherwise undistinguished company, Herdis Management & Investment Corp., from a small cigarette-filter manufacturing plant into a conglomerate empire of 33 separate enterprises with assets totaling about \$200 million. These firms, among other things, manufacture textiles, explore for oil and run charter air flights. Recently Disini acquired the

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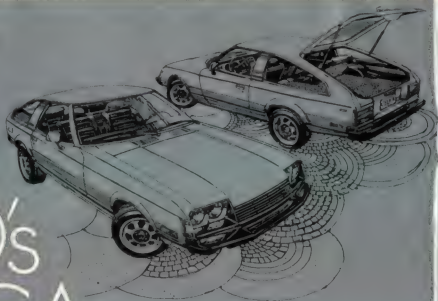
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World

Philippine agency for Caterpillar construction equipment and a large block of shares in the Philippine subsidiary of Reynolds Metals Co.

Herdis' extraordinary expansion seems in large part to be the result of favored treatment by Philippine officials. Not only has Disini received government guarantees for his loans—totaling \$160 million—but favorable tariff treatment has also permitted his cigarette-filter business to become a near monopoly.

It was this cozy relationship with officials that Disini apparently used on behalf of Westinghouse. For a while, reported TIME's Bernstein last week, it seemed that the nuclear plant deal had been locked up by Westinghouse's chief competitor, General Electric. The Philippine National Power Corporation had finished preliminary feasibility studies by early 1974 and had signed a contract with G.E.'s local consulting firm. According to knowledgeable Philippine businessmen, Marcos then unexpectedly intervened and stunned a number of advisers by ordering that the profitable contract be awarded to Westinghouse instead.

Even though Marcos insists that the Westinghouse proposal was technically and scientifically better than that of G.E., the actual details of his sudden switch remain shrouded in secrecy. Foreign and Filipino experts are convinced that—as one puts it—the key ingredient was the entry of Disini. Marcos strongly denies this, but there seems to be considerable respect in Manila for Disini's role in influencing some presidential decisions. Jesus J. Vergara, president of Asia Industries Inc., another Disini-owned firm retained by Westinghouse, has boasted: "We leave it to Hermie [Disini] to play golf [with Marcos]. That's his job." According to some accounts in Manila, Disini bragged that Herdis and Asia Industries will bring him a 7% fee on the \$616 million that Westinghouse is being paid to construct the single Bataan plant. A Westinghouse spokesman insisted last week that the commissions being paid are within "corporate policy guidelines." Westinghouse denies it has made any improper payments relating to the Philippines nuclear plant.

Apparently not content with his sales commissions on the nuclear deal, Disini acquired the Philippine Summa Insurance Corp., which promptly won a portion of the \$693 million policy sold to the National Power Corporation to cover the Bataan plant. The ambitious entrepreneur also bought controlling interest in the consortium of firms that are constructing the generator under contract from Westinghouse. But the fate of these lucrative enterprises may now be in doubt. Marcos last week ordered his Department of Industry to look into what corporations of Mr. Disini's can be legitimately divested from him, especially those for which he has obtained government help. ■

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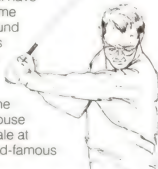
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Economy & Business

Some Good News on Jobs

But inflation, interest-rate and stock-price figures offer no cheer

The news broke like a shaft of sunshine through an otherwise stormy week for the economy. After seeming to hover around 7% for eight months, the nation's unemployment rate in December fell to a seasonally adjusted 6.4%. That was the lowest level since October 1974. It equaled a goal that the Carter Administration had set, then quietly abandoned, for its first year in office. Indeed, it was a shade lower than the rate of unemployment that many economists had predicted for the close of 1978.

Why the big drop? One reason, according to Department of Labor officials who prepared the report, is simply that the economy grew rapidly in 1977. Some 4.1 million people were added to civilian payrolls during the year, the largest number of Americans to find jobs in any year since World War II. But department officials also explained that the December drop in unemployment is not as big as it looks. Reason: the Government recalculated unemployment figures for all of 1977, using new data to adjust for seasonal fluctuations. The department now estimates that the jobless rate hit a high of 7.6% last February—not 7.5%, as it believed at the time—and then declined gradually through the summer and fall (see chart). For example, the department reported the November rate to be 6.9%, but now thinks it was only 6.7%.

Some outside economists doubt that the Government's calculations are right even now. Otto Eckstein, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, questions whether the December jobless rate was really only 6.4% and believes it was "physically impossible" for 1.3 million new jobs to be created in November and December, which is what the Administration says happened. But even Eckstein concedes that unemployment is indeed coming down, and President Carter naturally hailed the news with delight. He cautioned, though, that the nation still needs the tax cut of \$25 billion a year that he will propose to keep economic expansion rolling into next year.

Other developments indicate that Carter will have a tough job satisfying the nation when he lays out his economic pol-



Bank of America Teller Trainee Kevin Foster holds up first paycheck

A bright ray of sunshine in an otherwise stormy economic picture.

icy this week. The President in rapid succession will deliver a State of the Union speech focused on economics, send an economics message to Congress, detail his tax-cut program and put the finishing touches on the federal budget for fiscal 1979. Both liberal and conservative econ-

omists agree that the main weakness in the President's program so far is his failure to develop an effective anti-inflation policy. As if to underscore the point, the Government reported that wholesale prices of finished goods climbed .7% in December, equal to an annual rate of 8.7%. That was nearly double the November increase. Food prices alone leaped 1.5%.

Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal announced that the Administration will unveil a new anti-inflation plan this week. It will apparently consist of a set of "principles" that the Administration will urge labor and business to follow in boosting wages and prices, with no numbers indicating

how much is too much. Says one top Government economist: "I don't know how the hell it is going to work."

The Government's decision two weeks ago to intervene in foreign currency markets to keep the value of the dollar from sinking too fast has halted the rapid decline of the greenback, at least temporarily. But some foreign money men think that the U.S. is being too timid in buying up unwanted dollars. Meanwhile, the effort to bolster the buck is having unfortunate side effects. In order to make U.S. currency more attractive to foreign investors, the Federal Reserve Board has raised American interest rates another notch.* It boosted the discount rate, the charge imposed on Federal Reserve loans to member banks, by a half-point, to 6½%, and raised its target for the "Fed funds" rate, which banks charge one another on overnight loans, from 6½% to about 6¾%. Other rates moved up in sympathy; the prime rate on banks' loans to their best business borrowers rose from 7½% to 8%.

All that may help the dollar, but it could hurt the U.S. economy by making borrowing costs high for much-needed expansion by business. In fact, the Commerce Department predicts that, dis-



*Arthur Burns, who was replaced last month as chairman of the Federal Reserve Board by Carter Appointee G. William Miller, announced last week that he would not serve the remaining six years of his term as a board member but would retire on March 31.

counted for inflation, capital spending will increase only 4.5% in 1978, compared with 8% last year. The 1978 figure will thus fall far short of Carter's goal of 9% to 10%.

The dollar has primarily been depressed by the U.S. trade deficit, which in turn largely reflects the high cost of imported oil. Carter in a press conference last week argued that until Congress stops fiddling and passes his energy program—which is designed to promote conservation and cut imports—the dollar will continue under pressure, and interest rates will stay high.

The impact of the dollar crisis

and rising interest rates on the stock market has been devastating. The Dow Jones industrial average lost 55 points in the first seven days of trading this year; last week it closed at a 33-month low of 775.73. Many Wall Streeters believe the market is now oversold and some rebound in stock prices can be expected. But if the market is to recover over the long run, the Administration must find a way to restore investor confidence. Warns Mark Collins, vice president of the investment bank of Kidder, Peabody: "The stock market is saying there is no policy in this Government."

TRADE

Japan Agrees to Slice the Surplus

A promising accord on trade and quotas

The Japanese have long striven to export much and import little, a practice that reached its zenith last year in an awesome trade surplus of \$15 billion. Since more than half that surplus was at the expense of the U.S., and since protectionist sentiment on Capitol Hill has swelled, the Administration has been pressing the Japanese to change their cherished habits, hard as that may be.

Last month Nobuhiko Ushiba, Japan's new Minister for External Economic Affairs, visited Washington with an armload of trade-equalization proposals. Nice try, said Robert Strauss, President Carter's Special Trade Representative, but not quite nice enough (TIME, Dec. 26). After Ushiba went back to Japan, he was followed by a platoon of U.S. negotiators headed by Alan Wolff, Strauss's hard-knuckled deputy. Late last week Strauss himself flew to Tokyo to sign a U.S.-Japanese agreement that covered virtually every point in the festering trade dispute. Beamed Strauss: "The Japanese side was much more cooperative than I had earlier thought possible."

If all goes well, Japan's surplus could be reduced to zero by 1980. In accepting the principle of equilibrium in trade accounts—and indeed even a trade deficit, should it arise—the Japanese, said Strauss, had adopted a "change in direction and philosophy." The joint communiqué contained a smorgasbord of policy accords, some weighty, others primarily symbolic, designed to right the present imbalance. The Japanese reiterated an earlier pledge to increase consumption at home by boosting their domestic growth rate to 7% in fiscal 1978. This month the Diet will begin debate on a \$140 billion budget that includes a \$45 billion deficit. Approval is virtually certain. Tokyo also promised to cut tariffs on \$2 billion worth of goods, effective April 1, and to work toward further tariff reductions at the GATT trade talks, which resume in Geneva later this month. Quotas will be lifted for twelve agricultural products as well as anthracite coal, and other quotas will be liberalized: the high-quality beef limit goes from 3,000 to 10,000 tons, oranges from 15,000 to 45,000 tons. Though in dollar



Japanese farmers protest U.S. food imports
Changing cherished habits.

terms these agricultural concessions will have scant impact on the lopsided trade figures, they represent a willingness by Tokyo to placate the U.S. even over the protests of Japanese farmers. The Japanese pledged to increase their imports of manufactured goods and to sit down periodically with the Americans to determine whether enough progress has been made. They did not agree—as Wolff and his team had wanted—to substantial duty reductions for computers and color film.

Tokyo also made some important gestures unrelated to tariffs and quotas. The Japanese will expand credit lines to importers, consider more foreign bids for government procurements, and dispatch missions to the U.S. to scout purchasing possibilities in electric and nuclear power plants and forest products. For its part, the U.S. promised to lessen its trade deficit by reducing its dependence on foreign oil. Strauss called the agreement "a major breakthrough in our relations with Japan"—which was no overstatement, considering the fact that relations between the two countries had seldom been so strained since V-J day.

For the benefit of Congress, Strauss added a realistic caveat. The pact, he said, "is not the whole book," but merely "a promising first chapter" that does not mean "17 million jobs back home or even 17 jobs." Indeed, as a top Treasury Department economist put it, "even in the best light, this week's accord can only be dubbed an overdue start in correcting Japan's crazy way of trading." When Congress reconvenes this week, the White House will doubtless ballyhoo the Strauss mission to fend off high-tariff advocates on the Hill. In the end, though, only hard numbers in the U.S.'s trade ledger will be persuasive. As Oklahoma's Democratic Congressman James Jones warned last week on his return from a trip to Japan: "Last year I would have said one-third of Congress could be called protectionist. This year it's close to a majority."



Strauss shakes hands with Agriculture and Forestry Minister Ichiro Nakagawa as talks began
After a change in direction and philosophy, a possible zero surplus by 1980.

Questionable Encounters

Stranger-than-fiction happenings at Columbia Pictures

Opening scene: the time is February 1977. The place: Beverly Hills. A lanky, soft-spoken actor is sorting through stacks of bills and payments with his secretary, in preparation for filing his federal income tax return for 1976. Suddenly he spots a document from a major studio attesting that he received \$10,000 for services rendered during the year. Puzzled, the actor looks at his secretary. "I didn't work for them in 1976," he says.

Thus began a bizarre story that might conceivably have been offered as a script proposal to, say, Columbia Pictures. But the plot and the principal characters were real. The ac-

elbowed his way into entertainment as an agent. Among his early clients was Judy Garland; in 1967 she and her husband Sid Luft brought legal action against Begelman and his then partner Freddie Fields for misdirecting part of Judy's earnings into their own pockets. Judy dropped the suit a year later, but Luft remains bitter. "The real Begelman story goes a long

way back before Columbia," he says.

If so, it made little difference to Hollywood, which, above all, worships success, and Begelman was wildly successful. As an agent, he was an expert at "packaging"—bringing directors, actors, writers and producers together into deals that would produce profitmaking blockbuster films. In 1973, when Columbia was floundering from huge losses and debilitating debts, Begelman was tapped for the studio's presidency, and brought out a string of flicks that restored Columbia to financial health (net income for the fiscal year ending last June was \$34.6 million).

Among his big moneymakers: *Shampoo*, *The Deep*, *Funny Lady* and *Tommy*. Columbia's latest winner, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*,* may outgross 20th Century-Fox's *Star Wars* as the biggest box-office success of all time.

No wonder that so many



Opponent Hirschfeld



Begelman with Barbra Streisand at Columbia's 50th anniversary party



Forgery Victim Robertson

tor featured in the opening scene was Cliff Robertson (*Obsession*). His puzzlement over the unrecieved \$10,000 check led to the disclosure that David Begelman, 56, the powerful, wheeler-dealer president of Columbia Pictures' film and television divisions, had ripped off his studio to the tune of \$61,008; he had forged checks in the name of Robertson and others and had padded his cushiony expense account by an additional \$23,000. Begelman, when found out, admitted his guilt. In almost any other industry, a company executive caught with his hand in the till would be abruptly dismissed. Not so, apparently, in Hollywood. Begelman, who submitted himself to psychiatric care, was simply suspended. After his analyst announced a cure, Begelman—who had paid back his ill-got gains—was reinstated as chief of Columbia's motion pictures and television operations.

To his ardent fans in filmdom, Begelman is a show-biz wizard who helped save a major studio from bankruptcy. To his enemies, he is a relentless competitor whose prominence and prestige reflect the mercenary standard of Hollywood. New York-born and Yale-educated, Begelman



Sid Luft and Judy Garland (1952)

In Hollywood success breeds forgiveness

people sprang to Begelman's defense after rumors of his fiscal sins began to emerge. Says Herbert A. Allen, the president of the Wall Street investment banking firm of Allen & Co., which dominates the Columbia board: "We felt we owed him a fair shake." Cries Superagent Sue Mengers: "It is ironic that the film industry, which is so often accused of being heartless, should now be crucified for showing compassion for a man's plight."

Hollywood, however, had somewhat less compassion for the plight of Actor Robertson, whose initial concern had only been to avoid paying taxes on money he had not received. After his secretary told Columbia that he had been credited with \$10,000 that he had not earned, Begelman himself sent a message to explain that the mystery had been cleared up: a young Columbia employee had admitted forging a check made out to Robertson, made full restoration and begged for forgiveness. Robertson was willing to forgive and forget. His accountant, how-

*In 1976 Time Inc. acquired a minority investment position in seven Columbia films, including *Close Encounters*, *The Deep* and *Fun with Dick and Jane*.

Economy & Business

ever, insisted that in order to keep the record straight, they should get a copy of the check. The teller in a Wells Fargo branch in Beverly Hills remembered who had cashed the forged check. David Begelman.

Advised that he would face possible prosecution by failing to report the fraud, Robertson told Beverly Hills and Burbank police about the incident, but they did little. Robertson then turned to the FBI, also with no results.

Aware of the rumors, Columbia's board on Oct. 3 suspended Begelman, who placed himself in the care of Hollywood Psychiatrist Judd Marmor. The studio also engaged outside accountants and attorneys to conduct an investigation into Begelman's affairs. In his absence, Alan Hirschfield, the president of the parent company, Columbia Pictures Industries, took command of the studio.

Many Hollywood insiders were puzzled over Begelman's bizarre behavior. True, in his agent days, Begelman had been a heavy gambler; but in recent years he had apparently abstained from his old vice. As studio president, Begelman had an annual \$400,000 income including numerous fringe benefits. He could easily have raised more money by asking Columbia's board for a loan or a bonus. Begelman himself seemed bewildered by the embezzlement. "I've made a terrible mistake, and I'm heart sick," Begelman told a friend. "Now I am trying to find out why I did it."

Columbia's directors were also beginning to think they might have made a mistake. Although he was a skilled financier, Hirschfield lacked the experience to run a major studio. Furthermore, the directors feared that Begelman might be hired by competitors. Admits Allen, "Frankly, it would have been a big loss to lose him, and a bigger loss to have him in another studio."

After three months of treatment, Dr. Marmor told Columbia's directors that Begelman had been passing through a "temporary period" of self-destructive behavior but was now cured. A number of filmdom's most influential people, including Producer Ray Stark and Columbia Stars Barbra Streisand and Jack Nicholson, bombarded the directors with phone calls urging Begelman's reinstatement. Late last month the majority of directors favored bringing him back as studio president (although stripped of his corporate posts of director and senior vice president). Hirschfield, who originally wanted to rehire Begelman only as an independent producer, finally relented and asked him to return as president of the movie division. Now Hirschfield appears in danger of losing his post as president of the parent corporation because of his handling of the affair. And Cliff Robertson has to wonder whether by raising the scandal in the first place he may have jeopardized his film career. ■



Boeing 727 commercial airliners being assembled in a factory near Seattle

Stability Comes to Aerospace

The prognosis: no thrills, but also no chills

For the highly cyclical U.S. aerospace industry, stability had been as elusive as a wispy contrail against a clear blue sky. Just when things were going well, something would go wrong. Recession, the climax of the Apollo moon-landing program, President Carter's scrapping of the B-1 bomber project: all these riddled industry profits and caused huge layoffs in Southern California, Seattle and other aerospace centers. Currently, the industry is making an upward thrust, fueled by fat military and commercial order backlogs. But the present climb is expected to level off at a comfortable plateau, and the old boom-or-bust days may be gone forever. Says a California analyst: "For the next ten years there will be no thrills. But there will be no chills, either."

One reason the industry is more immune to the ups and downs of old is its shrinking size. Two decades ago, California had 272,500 people employed in aerospace industries. That number has dwindled to 142,600, accounting for only 1.5% of California's work force of 8.7 million people. In Seattle, Boeing, the world's largest maker of commercial airliners, now has 53,000 workers on its payroll. That figure is well below the record 101,000 it employed in 1968, even though Boeing has a \$5 billion order backlog for its 747 jumbo jets, 727 midrange airliners and the radar computer systems for the Air Force's new AWACS (for Airborne Warning and Control System) surveillance aircraft and cruise missiles.

Another factor favoring stability is that aerospace companies are becoming diversified, which means that proportion-

ately less of their profits depend on sales of machines that fly North American Aviation, which was hurt badly in 1963 by the cancellation of the B-70 bomber, has been born again as Pittsburgh-based Rockwell International: its 1977 sales of \$5.9 billion (and earnings of \$144 million) include pocket calculators and Admiral television sets as well as the space shuttle. Northrop owns the George A. Fuller Co. of New York City, a large general contractor that also maintains airplanes. Planemakers are attempting to avoid concentrations of employment, dispersing some work from the West Coast and building aircraft in several states to cushion the economic impact of possible setbacks. McDonnell Douglas, for example, makes F-4s in St. Louis.

In general, a calm born of renewed certainty has overtaken the industry. A number of new weapons systems are on the horizon. Moreover proponents of the B-1—namely Rockwell International, which still has 6,000 people at work on prototypes—are lobbying furiously on behalf of their aircraft, and hope that the supersonic bomber project may be revived. Commercial airlines seem content to replace aging planes with existing models or variations that are more advanced in terms of fuel economy and noise.

Foreign buyers of U.S. aircraft exercise a stabilizing influence, even though U.S. planemakers do not necessarily like the way they do it. Increasingly overseas purchasers are demanding "offset arrangements"—the right to assemble parts of planes they buy in their own factories.

Economy & Business

To sell Canada 18 CP-140 surveillance aircraft, valued at \$700 million. Lockheed had to agree to spend \$900 million in that country. Such deals ultimately result in a smaller piece of the action for U.S. plane-makers: by the same token, there is less economic pain if orders are canceled.

The prospect for the industry is a long period of moderate, steady growth, extending into the '80s. By 1985, according to one Lockheed economist, the world's airlines will have to spend up to \$57 billion to replace present fleets of arthritic 707s and DC-8s. The expectation is that most airlines will turn to wide-bodied jets, to reduce mileage and passenger seat costs. Currently, Boeing engineers are working on the specifications for a new 180- to 200-seat jet, which it hopes United and Delta will buy; the plane would seat seven abreast and, Boeing claims, effectively compete with McDonnell Douglas' DC-10 and Lockheed's TriStar L-1011. Meanwhile, Lockheed is coming up with a sleeker version of the L-1011, to be delivered to British Airways next year. McDonnell Douglas, already flush with orders for its DC-10s and DC-9s, is gearing up to produce a stretched DC-9 "Super 80"; the company claims it will be the quietest and most fuel-efficient plane ever flown.

This year, says the Department of Commerce, aerospace industry shipments could reach \$37 billion, a 30% jump over last year. That would make aerospace the fastest-growing segment of U.S. manufacturing. About \$9 billion worth of U.S. planes will be sold overseas, possibly narrowing the yawning U.S. trade deficit of \$11 billion.

Hy-Gain Loses

CB makers feel the squeeze

Once limited to truckers and their Smokey Bear antagonists on highway patrols, Citizens Band radio has grown to the point where about 20 million American "good buddies" have CB rigs in their cars or homes. Yet despite the boom in the industry, a lot of firms that tried to capitalize on the craze are going bust. A case in point: Hy-Gain Electronics Corp. of Lincoln, Neb., one of the largest U.S. makers of ham radio and CB gear. Burdened by \$31 million in debts and a \$24 million earnings loss in fiscal '77, Hy-Gain has filed for bankruptcy and told 1,000 employees at its plants in Lincoln and Puerto Rico to go home.

"We ain't dead yet," insisted Andrew Andros, 53, who with his brother Ted founded Hy-Gain 29 years ago as a television antenna installation company. "We think we can reorganize and stay in business." But hardly anyone else believes that Andros can pay off creditors, pay the three weeks' back wages he owes to some of his workers and once again start turn-

ing out the marine, military and amateur radio antennas Hy-Gain was known for.

What did the company in was the CB craze, and a bit of incredibly bad timing. Hy-Gain began making the compact communications units about four years ago, and raced to sales of \$96.8 million in 1976. Responding to public interest in CB, the Federal Communications Commis-



Sale at Radio Shack in Manhattan

The dangers of feeding a fad

sion in July of that year authorized new 40-channel sets that could be sold after Jan. 1, 1977. Hy-Gain and other makers slashed prices on the old 23-channel sets, but the public preferred to wait for the new models. Result: Hy-Gain had to buy back from dealers \$12 million to \$14 million worth of 23-channel equipment. It converted many of those to 40 channels, says Andros, but by that time the market was saturated. Hy-Gain's sales were cut in half, to \$50.4 million, and the company's stock—a record \$28 in 1976—plummeted to about \$0.6.

Andros blames the demise of his company primarily on a swamp of cheap CB sets imported from—where else?—Japan. He even went to Japan to plead with CB makers there to trim production, but to no avail. Reports Andros: "They thought I was misjudging the marketplace and decided to increase production instead of cutting back."

Along with other U.S. makers, Andros has petitioned the Government for some sort of relief, in the form of either import quotas or higher tariffs. But CB sets were not covered by the U.S.-Japan trade agreement signed in Tokyo last week by Special Trade Representative Robert Strauss. Moreover, such restrictions are opposed by other firms in the industry like Fort Worth-based Tandy

Corp., which imports large numbers of CB radios and sells them through its Radio Shack retail outlets.

Few U.S. CB makers, however, are in so fortunate a position, and more are expected to follow Hy-Gain into bankruptcy. In April, Gladding Corp. of Boston, maker of the Pearce-Simpson CB brand, filed for protection under the bankruptcy laws, citing the same 40-channel switchover problem that wrecked Hy-Gain. Johnson American Inc., the CB radio unit of E.F. Johnson Co. and the largest U.S. CB maker, posted a loss of \$4.4 million on sales of \$10.3 million during the third quarter of 1977.

Andros estimates there is an 18- to 20-month supply of unsold CB radios in the U.S. now; it will be well into 1979 before that inventory is worked off, if indeed it ever is. As Hy-Gain knows, feeding an American fad can bring riches, but only as long as the consumer stays hungry.

Tax-Free G.N.P.

A cobweb of rules creates a subterranean economy

Winter is n-cumen in Johnny clears the snow from Mrs. O'Leary's driveway and makes five bucks. Does the IRS hear about it? Of course not. But Johnny's income—unreported and untaxed—is part of what Economics Professor Peter M. Gutmann of New York's Bernard Baruch College calls the "subterranean economy" of the U.S., with a G.N.P. that he calculates at \$195 billion for 1977.

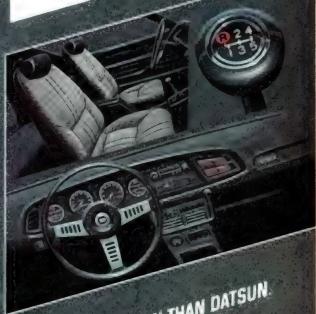
In a recent issue of the *Financial Analysts Journal*, Gutmann argues that there is in the U.S. nearly \$400 in cash per capita floating around outside banks. With checks and credit cards, who needs all that green? His answer: "This currency lubricates a vast amount of nonreported work and employment," and the amount is as large as the legal G.N.P. of the U.S. in the middle of World War II.

Gutmann believes that no more than one-quarter of the underground G.N.P. is attributable to organized crime. The rest, he writes, is largely traceable to such cash-oriented businesses as restaurants, garages and small retail shops, to youths doing part-time chores for pin money, and to the employment of illegal aliens and retired people who also collect Social Security checks. Ultimately, Gutmann feels, the subterranean economy, like black markets around the world, was created by the nation's cobweb of employment restrictions and tax rules. Coupled with a new-morality spirit of what he calls "selective obedience to the law," they encourage Americans to cheat the System when they can get away with it. Unless the Government faces up to the figures and to the need for sweeping tax reform, warns Gutmann, "an ever larger part of the total economy will go underground."



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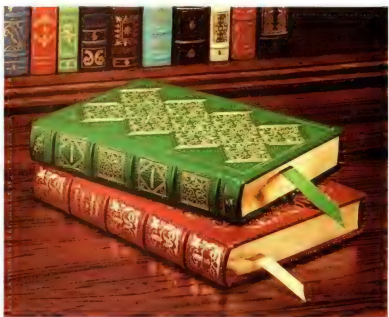
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Education



Security guards in the corridor



Students presenting ID cards at Morris High's entrance checkpoint

The ABCs of School Violence

Classroom survival is the lesson of the day

It is morning at Morris High School, a gothic fortress rising above the ruins of New York City's scarred South Bronx. All but the main entrance is sealed; in front of it is a security guard, ready to turn back anybody who tries to enter without proper identification. Inside, five more guards equipped with walkie-talkies patrol the halls and cafeteria in the 60% Hispanic, 39% black school. Most classroom doors are locked after classes begin, and study halls, once a favorite spot for fights, have been shut down. The dingy lockers that formerly lined the corridors have been removed. Explains Principal Chester Wiggan, "The kids used to store drugs in them and set fires." Four trailers equipped as classrooms, in which pupils who are disciplinary problems study in isolation from the rest of the student body, are parked outside.

The military-camp atmosphere of Morris High is extreme. But increasingly, schools from Memphis to Los Angeles are adopting similar methods—as well as closed-circuit TVs, guards, emergency phones in the classrooms—to combat a violence that was once undreamed of a last year alone. Memphis reported 680 assaults, 144 of them directed against teachers or administrators. Miami's Dade County registered a shocking 1,153 attacks, and in Boston schools there were 155 assaults on teachers alone. In high-crime New York City, students erupted in 2,420 attacks; half of them against teachers. In Chicago the assault rate is running at five to six cases a day.

Once a matter of shoving or fistfights, assaults today often result in bloodshed and even death. Last September an eighth-grader in Dade County's Westview Junior High died after a classmate smashed his face with a padlock during a

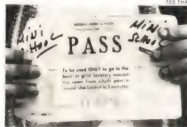
lunchtime brawl. Just two weeks ago a 15-year-old boy was fatally stabbed in the chest at John Adams High School, in the Queens section of New York City, while his screaming girlfriend watched helplessly. On Dec. 5, a Los Angeles high school gang stabbed one victim and beat a second with a heavy belt buckle. Attacks against teachers seem to be increasing faster than student vs. student assaults. In one incident last November, a woman math teacher in a New Haven junior high accosted a 14-year-old girl in the cafeteria line after the student insulted a cafeteria worker. The girl wheeled round, flung her tray of hot soup and mashed potatoes into the teacher's face and began to punch her.

A just-released study by the National Institute of Education, titled *Violent Schools—Safe Schools*, confirms the problem in detail. Commissioned by Congress in 1974 in response to tales of classroom horror, the 247-page report offers a slightly encouraging note: violence has tapered off in the 4,000 schools profiled since the early '70s. Nonetheless, the report notes that 25% of American schools, about 20,500, suffer from moderately serious to serious problems of vandalism, personal attack and theft. In 1978, it estimates, one out of every nine secondary school students will have something stolen in a typical month. One out of 80 will be attacked during the

same period. Among the nation's 1 million secondary school teachers, 5,200 will be attacked—one-fifth of them seriously—in any given month, while about 6,000 will be robbed. Vandalism, meanwhile, will cost schools as much as \$600 million a year.

The report's most ominous finding is that the plague is spreading to rural and suburban schools as well. Even there, brutal fights in the corridors and weapons hidden in cars outside are no longer rare. Says Peter Laarman of the American Federation of Teachers: "One of the more shocking things is that people can no longer say this is an inner-city problem. The dimensions are appalling."

Outright violence is paced by



Showing pass for trip to bathroom

a spreading atmosphere of hostility and disrespect within the classroom. "It's the insults, the dirty words, the cold insolence of the students that really bother teachers," says Stanley Heller, president of the West Haven (Conn.) Federation of Teachers. The decay in decorum can be

traced back to the mid-'60s, when the civil rights movement and Viet Nam protest sparked a general distrust of authority. "The unspoken sense of distance between teacher and student began to disappear, and students felt they had a license to behave any way they wanted," says Geraldine Han, who has taught social studies in New York City for 17 years. Han is recuperating from an attack last September, when a 15-year-old boy karate-kicked her in the spine.

In such an atmosphere, many threats, as well as sexual harassment of women teachers, often go unreported because of a "real or imagined fear of reprisal," says

*A United Federation of Teachers safety manual advises attacked teachers: "Go down with the first blow, and stay down."



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Education

Joseph Grande, executive secretary of the Providence teachers' union. Teachers complain bitterly, too, that even if they do press charges, either school administrations do not support them or offenders get off with a reprimand in juvenile court. "These kids know that nothing is going to happen to them," says Paul Hauge, a teacher in Des Moines's Harding Junior High School who was slugged in the face earlier this year by a 200-lb student. "They're juveniles. Suspension is merely a three- to ten-day vacation. Even if they're expelled, they're entitled to have a private tutor at taxpayer expense."

In Hauge's case, the assailant was merely transferred to another school. A student in a Boston high school who attacked a teacher with a pair of scissors was subsequently released by the juvenile court and returned to the same school. The judge, it seems, felt that the boy had extenuating emotional problems stemming from a scar on his face. And in a *cause célèbre* in Providence, a teacher attempting to restrain a sixth-grade student from punching and choking a classmate whacked the offender on the leg with a blackboard pointer. The school administration took action—against the teacher. The assailant went free.

That kind of leniency may now be changing. The NIE study, among others, calls for firm discipline and leadership by school principals. New York City announced recently that from now on teacher-assault cases will be prosecuted by the city's legal department, rather than dealt with by education officials. The Massachusetts legislature has lately stiffened penalties for assaults on teachers. Los Angeles, meanwhile, is testing an inner-city pilot program known as the "Juvenile Justice Center," in which any offense committed by a neighborhood youth will be tried by one of the center's two judges. "The youngster knows the judge, and everyone else knows the youngster," says Judge David Kenyon. "No way is the youngster going to con you."

So far most attempts to wrestle with the problem have been confined to precautions and containment, the reassertion of formal discipline from without. American parents and educators have yet to figure out a way of making respect for authority and for others part of every student's education. Meanwhile a measure of comfort may be on the way for teachers oppressed by too close encounters with abusive youngsters. UCLA Psychiatrist Alfred Bloch, in a study released last March, found that 250 battered teachers from inner-city Los Angeles schools evinced nervous symptoms akin to "combat neurosis." Now the American Federation of Teachers is offering a special program for them. Worn-down teachers in various cities meet to discuss strategy and vent their frustration. No verbal or physical abuse allowed. ■

Religion

Radix Malorum Est Cupiditas?

In the Pallottine order, carryings-on over cash

WHY A SWEEPSTAKES? screamed the copy in the direct-mail ad. And answered: SIMPLY TO CALL ATTENTION IN A DRAMATIC WAY TO THE NEEDS OF THE POOR, HUNGRY AND SICK CHILDREN IN PALLOTTINE MISSIONS IN SOUTH AMERICA, AUSTRALIA AND INDIA. Pictures of children, bellies bloated from hunger, encouraged compassion. Romantic renderings of the Dodge Coronet or Apache Eagle camper that a lucky giver might win in return for his contribution flavored compassion with a dash of greed. And why not? The Roman Catholic Pallottine Fathers, an international order founded in Italy in 1835, support 2,200 priests and brothers in 26 countries. Its U.S. fund raisers were tired of pleading for nickels and dimes, year after year. By applying hard-sell money-raising means to the world of charity they could swiftly rake in \$30 million in capital, invest it, and then they and their missions might live beneficently and happily ever after.

The order had just the man for this Midas direct-mail touch—the Rev. Guido J. Carcich, Trieste-born, he had come to the U.S. as an immigrant and was a parish priest in Baltimore for seven years. He had a taste for worldly things, a born manager's grasp of commerce and a literary flair. IN THE HEART OF DARKNESS, another Carcich flyer began, MESSAGES OF HOPE. His success was astounding—almost like the miracle of the loaves and fishes.

By 1970 the secretive Father Carcich was presiding over a huge Baltimore warehouse where modern machines printed, stuffed and mailed letters to computerized addressees—150 million letters in one 18-month period. And how the money rolled in: an estimated \$56 million between 1970 and mid-1975, making the Pallottines second only to the United Fund among Maryland charities.

There was just one problem. The cash rolled in but it did not roll out. While the United Fund was sending 92% of its total receipts to member charitable agencies, the Pallottines were sending as little as 2.5% of their enormous income on to the missions. No one yet knows exactly

where all the extra millions got to. But last week a Maryland grand jury charged Father Carcich with 60 criminal counts of misappropriation of funds and one count of obstruction of justice. An alleged co-conspirator, the order's lay investment adviser, Donald Webster, will not go to trial; he shot himself to death in a flossy condominium in Ocean City a month ago.

Carcich's fiscal sins, known and alleged, ranged from what at the very least was foolish commercial speculation to the misuse of \$1.4 million. He apparently lent money recklessly, without collateral. One chunk—\$54,000—even went to ex-Governor Marvin Mandel to pay for his divorce in 1974. It has never been repaid. Carcich sank millions into shaky motel and real estate deals in Florida and five



Father Guido Carcich meeting press to answer charges
The money rolled in but it did not roll out

other states, and squandered \$127,000 on cronies, a niece and a private secretary, while diverting \$278,000 for his own personal use. Carcich is also accused of concealing bank records on other huge sums.

The priest has professed his innocence. His immediate superior in the order, the Very Rev. Domenick Grazia, last week backed him up by saying, "I do not believe he committed any crime." Whatever the trial reveals, the storm over the Pallottine order's money-raising methods has been long breaking, and the order's leadership has been slow in trying to clear it up. More than two years ago the first signs of scandal were turned up by the Baltimore *Sun*, and the Archbishop of Baltimore stripped Carcich of priestly powers. But the Pallottines spirited Carcich away to a parish in Fair-

view, N.J., and other locations to keep him out of the hands of press and prosecution. Later, forced by Maryland's so-called Pallottine law to file a public accounting, the order reported that even in 1976, the bulk of direct-mail income went for expenses. Currently a three-man archdiocesan auditing board is at work on the Pallottine accounts. A report is expected within two weeks.

The Pallottine mess provides Americans with one more excuse not to give money to church agencies, even those that make full public accountings. The U.S. Congress is now considering a charity disclosure bill that would require groups seeking gifts by mail to offer basic data on where the money will go and how much of it is used for overhead. In the meantime, pressed by the Maryland attorney general, the Pallottines plan to liquidate all their hidden assets—including Carcich's bad real estate buys—and send whatever the sale brings to the missions.

Bribery and Conversion


Israel's antimissionary law

Beginning in April, under the terms of a new law passed by the Israeli Knesset last month, anyone who offers any "material inducement" to an Israeli to change his religion will be liable to a \$3,200 fine and five years in prison. And anyone convicted of converting to another faith for nonspiritual benefit may spend three years behind bars. Explaining his country's first antimissionary law, Orthodox Knesset Member Meir Abramowitz, the bill's sponsor, says, "We are the remnant of millions of Jews from the past. We merely want to protect our children." But Israel's 80,000 Christians—not to mention many of Abramowitz's own countrymen who are concerned about civil rights, American good will and religious harmony—think the new bill is repressive, badly written, ill-timed and ill-advised.

The worst problem lies in the loose construction of the bill's text. Christians point out that they could conceivably be convicted of offering material inducement if a recently converted Jew made use of Christian-run schools or hospital services. One spokesman adds that the bill's suggestion that well-heeled Christian missions engage in bribery for souls is "calumny, slander and libel as well as an incitement to hatred." By official record, only 17 Israeli Jews converted to Christianity from 1974 to 1976, though Christians claim that considerably more have secretly done so.

The controversial bill slipped through the Knesset two days after Christmas, when attention was focused on Middle East diplomacy. And diplomacy may in





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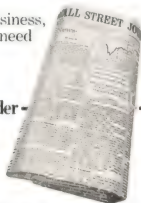
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Religion

part explain its passage. Because of pressure from liberal Jews in the U.S., Premier Menachem Begin promised the two Orthodox parties in his parliamentary coalition a long-sought bill on a different issue, which refused to recognize conversions to Judaism in Israel except under Orthodox auspices. By permitting the anti-missionary bill, he may have hoped to shore up Orthodox support during a time when compromise may be necessary in the delicate negotiations about the future of Israeli-occupied land on the West Bank of the Jordan.

In contrast, Begin's negotiating partner, Anwar Sadat of Egypt, last year faced pressures from religious militants for a law making apostasy a capital crime for Muslims. Egyptian Christians raised such an outcry that Sadat made sure that the bill was buried.

Soul Saving

What is the "bottom line"?

After the crowds have gone, the lights are out and the janitors have swept out the amphitheater, what exactly remains from a Billy Graham crusade? For years skeptical critics have wondered, but there has been little follow-up research on those who come forward to make public "decisions" for Jesus Christ. Last week a Graham admirer, a Baptist research executive named Win Arn, provided some.

His findings were not altogether encouraging. As a director of the Institute for American Church Growth in Pasadena, Calif., Arn advocates a "bottom line" analysis of evangelism. In his eyes, the only reliable measure of any crusade's success is the number of people who become "responsible church members." In 1976 a Billy Graham crusade drew 434,100 people to Seattle's Kingdome in eight days, and 18,000 people "came forward" to profess faith in Christ. Arn's survey, done a year later and just released, reveals that of these, 54% were people simply rededicating themselves to the faith. But local churches received 8,400 cards signed by converts. According to Arn's study, only 1,285 of those—about 15%—ended up as active church members.

Taxed with Arn's findings about his Seattle crusade, Billy Graham mildly observes that the resulting cup of faith might better be seen as 15% full than as 85% empty. He also points out that many of his converts may join churches later.

He might also have added: How many preachers can produce 1,285 new church members in a week's work? Graham's results, moreover, are far better than those from Bill Bright's much ballyhooed "Here's Life, America" campaign. In a study of Indianapolis and Fresno, Arn's institute found that a dismal 97% of the people who made "decisions to accept Christ" over the telephone never joined a church.



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Show Business

The Yellow Brick Road to Profit

Hollywood's new formula is fantasy and rock



Peter Frampton (second from left) and the Bee Gees marching in *Sgt. Pepper*

The Wizard of Oz lives 110 stories above the ground, on a bridge connecting the twin towers of Manhattan's World Trade Center. The Beatles—or pretty good substitutes—are alive, well and together in a corn-belt Shangri-la called Heartland, U.S.A. The Age of Aquarius has dawned again in Central Park, and the hippies are back selling their gospel of love and kindness. And down at the high school they are wearing pegged pants and leather jackets, as John Travolta, the heartthrob of the '70s, gives a belated tour of the '50s.

Translated, it all means that film makers have discovered that kids are the ones who fill the movie theater, and they love rock music and fantasy. That inescapable fact has led to an obvious conclusion, and the result is four blockbuster rock-fantasy musicals for 1978: *The Wiz*, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, *Hair* and *Grease*. In fact, not since the '40s, the heyday of the movie musical, have so many horns been tooted or so many dollars been spent to put movies and music together. "The old musicals worked because they were contemporary in their time," says Producer Robert Stigwood, who is backing two of the new ones, *Grease* and *Sgt. Pepper*. "But the ones in between then and now, in the '50s and '60s, went wrong because they were half this and half that. Total fantasy works better today."

Or so Stigwood hopes. *Grease*, the film version of the long-running

Broadway play, will be the first out, and is probably the safest bet. Set in a '50s high school, it stars Pop Singer Olivia Newton-John and Travolta, who has already scored a huge success as a '70s greaser in *Saturday Night Fever*. "It's going to be a



Savage (left) and hippies spread gospel of love in *Hair*
Sour notes from a tribal-rock-musical-fairy-tale.

'70s look at the '50s," says Director Randall Kleiser. "Stylistically, the actors will stop and break into song—that's old—but we are using all the '70s film techniques we can muster, like split screens and high-powered sound."

For the sake of authenticity, three Los Angeles high schools were rented for background, and shooting began last summer, the day after school was out. It ended exactly eleven weeks later, the day before the beginning of the fall semester. Producer Allan Carr treated the whole filming as one of his continuous giant parties, and as soon as Travolta bought his DC-3, he flew several members of the crew to Las Vegas for a weekend. There was so much jollity on the Paramount set that Jack Nicholson, who was making *Goin' South* on the next sound stage, sent over a note: "Listen, either put me in the movie, or turn off the noise." The whole thing, says Travolta, was "what the English would call a romp."

In *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* the clock moves ahead to the '60s. Stigwood, an Australian who once helped manage the Beatles, had rights to 29 of the best Beatle songs and wanted some kind of Technicolor package. Rock Critic Henry Edwards was hired to write a script—Stigwood's only stipulation was that there be almost no dialogue—and he hit upon the idea of a fantasy. Utopia is Heartland, a place where everyone looks as if he just had a cheery bowl of granola, and happiness is maintained through music. The music makers, Peter Frampton and the Bee Gees, are seduced into going to Hollywood by a record producer, and Heartland becomes Gomorrahland until they see the error of their ways and return.

From the beginning the real world was banned from the set. "If we get into the area of reality with a film like this, we're dead," notes Production Designer Brian Eatwell. The sets were giant toys: a yacht-length limousine for the Hollywood producer, a seven-story balloon for the trip West, and the Biggest Mac ever cooked up for Heartland's mammoth, 20-ft.-high hamburger, the symbol of the evil Mr. Mustard. "With no dialogue," sighs Eatwell, "you have to keep coming up with a visual tour de force."

Hair is also a fantasy of the '60s, or, as Director Milos Forman describes it, "a tribal-rock-musical-fairy-tale-comedy-drama." Strewing exclamation points around like love beads at an old-fashioned ben. Producer Lester Persky is even more voluble. "It's a myth!" he says. "A documentary! A docu-myth!"

The original 1968 play had almost no plot and is now remem-



Pop Singer Olivia Newton-John and John Travolta, the heartthrob of the '70s, stomping, '50s style, in *Grease*

bered for one song. *Aquarius*, an innocent charm, and perhaps 30 seconds of nudity, a shocking sight in those days. The film had to have something more, and the plot now centers on Claude (John Savage), a young 1967 draftee who comes to New York City for a final fling before being shipped to Nam. The conservative Claude happens upon a hippie band in Central Park, and his eyes are opened to a new, free spirit. He falls in love with Sheila (Beverly D'Angelo), and after a friend volunteers to take Claude's place in the Army, the lovers march off into *The End* together, probably on their way to Woodstock.

In contrast to its spirit of love, *Hair* has not been a happy movie to make. Savage goes so far as to label it publicly "a turkey." Says he: "I had four hours to prepare for this role, but I think that's more than enough." The cast spirit was not helped much by a Broadway revival of the play, which received almost universal revilement.

Most of the critics found the restored *Hair* gray with age, its charm a distant and embarrassing memory. Forman, who won an Academy Award for *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*, defends his movie stoutly, however. "When you are in the middle of a storm like the '60s, you do not have time to think about what is going on," he says. "With distance, I can now look at this period and see the contradictions, the humor."

In dollar terms, the greatest risk rides on *The Wiz*, which is costing \$20 million. The producers, basing

the film on the Broadway show, made the characters black. Dorothy sets off for Oz not from the plains of Kansas, but from Harlem. When Diana Ross, who is in her 30s, decided she wanted to play Dorothy, who was a young girl in the original, there was another transmogrification. "Since we decided she's a black adult," says Writer Joel Schumacher, "we couldn't just make her a little jerk."

Now the Munchkins are street kids who were imprisoned in a wall of graffiti. The Wicked Witch of the West runs a

sweatshop. The Cowardly Lion is one of the two statues that guard the front of the New York Public Library. The Emerald City is the World Trade Center, and Director Sidney Lumet has staged extravagant dances at the towers' base. The sunken plaza was covered over with Plexiglas, and 300 dancers, lit by spotlights from below, pound away on top. Lumet wanted to turn the Brooklyn Bridge into the Yellow Brick Road by putting down 25 miles of yellow vinyl. The New York police gave him a firm no, however, and he settled for paving a footbridge over the East River.

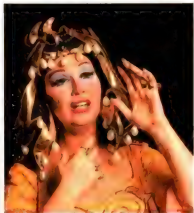
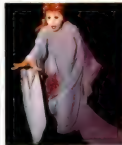
Hollywood people do nothing in twos or even fours. Studios will be watching the returns on these movies closely because many more musicals are on the way. *Hot Wax*, the story of a '50s disc jockey, is already in production, as is *FM*, a film about a rock radio station, and *Thank God It's Friday!* about a Los Angeles discotheque. Neil Diamond wants to do a remake of *The Jazz Singer*, and Dustin Hoffman and Lily Tomlin will star in a musical version of *Papere Annie*, the Broadway hit, was just bought by Columbia Pictures for \$9.5 million, the highest sum ever paid for a musical property.

All these new music makers like to think they are keeping the spirit of the old MGM musicals like *The Wizard of Oz*. "One of the things that made an MGM musical work," says Edwards, "was that they created towns filled with happy people who happened to possess musical skills. That fantasy still endures."



Diana Ross searching for Land of Oz in *The Wiz*
A lion from the library and a city of emeralds

Music



Sills Calling It Quits in 1980

But take heart, opera fans, she'll still be running the show

It sometimes seems that the highest—and hardest—step in a diva's career is the one into retirement. Too many sopranos linger after their fortes have turned into shrieks. Determined to avoid that fate, Soprano Beverly Sills announced last week that she would retire in the fall of 1980. These days, even dropping out seems to require the same three-year advance planning as everything else in opera. But Sills is not retiring to write a book (she has done that already) or go on the talk shows (she has her own now). Instead, she will take up a difficult and possibly perilous new role in 1980—co-director of the New York City Opera, the company where she made her reputation and proved that a native-born singer could conquer American opera without the Metropolitan. Sharing the directorship will be the organization's current leader and Sills' mentor, Julius Rudel.

Sills' last regular appearances will be in a series of performances of *Die Fledermaus* at the San Diego Opera in October 1980. Her co-star will be Joan Sutherland, and the two divas will alternate in the roles of Adele and Rosalinda. That should be a sizzling ticket. So should the fund-raising gala Sills hopes to star in lat-

er at the New York City Opera—exactly 25 years after her debut there as Rosalinda. Said Sills: "In 1980, I will be 51. I have no operas left that I want to sing. I have sung in every opera house I wanted to sing in, and by the time the next year or so is over, I will have recorded everything I ever dreamed of. My voice has served me very well, and I would like to be able to put it to bed, so that it can go quietly and with pride."

At its peak, the Sills coloratura was a rich, incredibly supple flute. The high notes did not come as effortlessly as they once did, but the voice is still basically secure, and Sills should have no trouble finishing her last seasons in high style. Her first big test comes this very week with Massenet's *Thaïs* at the Metropolitan Opera. It is a high lyric role ("Manon with no clothes on," says Sills), and its range is brutal: from below middle C to high D. The show is a loan of the same production Sills scored a success in last season at the San Francisco Opera. Next December she will appear in her last new Met production, Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*. Two composers are writing operas for her, which are due to be introduced in the spring of 1979. They are Gian Carlo Me-

Clockwise from lower left: Sills as Lucia; the Queen of Shemakha in *Le Coq d'Or*; Olympia in *The Tales of Hoffman*; Manon; Cleopatra

notti's *Juana la Loca*, about the mad daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, for the San Diego Opera, and Dominick Argento's *Miss Havisham's Fire*, based on Charles Dickens' *Great Expectations*, for the New York City Opera.

In the Argento work, Sills will play Miss Havisham, the fanatic recluse who was jilted on her wedding day and has spent the rest of her life seeking vengeance against men. It is not the sort of role prima donnas are usually interested in, but then Sills has always been as devoted to the untried as to the usual box office favorites. Her first decade at the New York City Opera was decent but unspectacular, notable primarily for her limpid singing in Douglas Moore's *The Ballad of Baby Doe*. In 1966 she became a star literally overnight with a display of phosphorescent vocal fireworks in Handel's rarely performed *Julius Caesar*. After the regal

Cleopatra came the flirt Manon, the mad Lucia of Lammermoor and the sexy She-makha in *Le Coq d'Or*. By the time Sills had finished with Donizetti's trilogy of queens (*Roberto Devereux*, *Maria Stuart*, *Anna Bolena*), there was no longer any doubt that she was opera's finest singing actress since Maria Callas. With her brilliant 1975 debut in Rossini's *The Siege of Corinth* she instantly became one of the Met's hottest box-office draws.

Why follow all that up by assuming responsibility for a company that has serious financial and artistic problems? The New York City Opera expects to meet its \$9 million budget this year, but it has no endowment or other reserves to speak of, and its life is necessarily difficult. The company's day-to-day performing standard is erratic. Despite some innovative programming, it spends too much time trying to outdo the Met in the standard repertory—with far less money at its disposal. For years, much of the company's glamor has come from Sills herself.

The City Opera hopes that some of her magic will rub off on her colleagues. One thing is certain: well-organized, crisply competent, she will make a formidable administrator. A little known aspect of Sills' career has been her effectiveness behind the scenes as a lobbyist for the arts. From 1970 to 1976 she was a member of the National Endowment for the Arts. She is the new chairman of the National Opera Institute, which supports such ventures as shared productions and grants to young singers. About her job at City Opera, she confesses: "I was always interfering anyhow, so I think they decided to make it official."

High Note

Horowitz is still the world's most exciting pianist

A pianist is luckier than a singer. He can go on performing as long as his fingers maintain their strength and coordination. At 73, Vladimir Horowitz seems to be just as brilliant as when he first played the U.S. exactly 50 years ago. Last week in New York, the famed Ukrainian-born virtuoso celebrated the anniversary of that debut with some of the most electrifying music-making ever heard in Carnegie Hall, a hall that has had its share of excitement over the years.

As with everything Horowitz does, the event was staged for maximum effect. It almost seemed as if he had refrained from playing with any orchestra for the past 25 years just to create the tension that was now so palpable. Accompanying him was the New York Philharmonic, with which he had made his American debut in 1928 and observed his 25th anniversary in 1953.

The work was the romantic, bravura *Piano Concerto No. 3 in D minor* by Rachmaninoff, who had personally blessed Horowitz' interpretation with the words,



Drawing of Horowitz playing at Carnegie Hall
Rachmaninoff: "He swallowed it whole."

"He swallowed it whole." Horowitz had insisted on the Philadelphia Orchestra's Eugene Ormandy as the conductor. Ormandy had accompanied Rachmaninoff himself in the concerto. Tickets were awesomely priced: \$75 for the orchestra, \$250 for the first-tier box seats. But just try to find one. And anyway the concert was a benefit and all \$168,000 of the gross—Horowitz and Ormandy donated their services—would go into the orchestra's coffers.

As the lights dimmed, Horowitz seemed to spring from the wings. Smiling all the while, he advanced to the edge of the stage apron, gestured to the left and right, saluted the balcony, sat down, fiddled with the bench, tugged at his cuffs, and then nodded to Ormandy that the festivities could proceed.

What makes Horowitz the most exciting pianist in the world is not readily apparent from the look of him. Handsome? Hardly. His ears are too big, and his nose and chin much too long. The ex-

planation came, as it always does, when he began to play. Leaning to his left and glancing toward the orchestra, he filled the hall with the simple, folksy melody that opens the concerto. That is one aspect of the Horowitz magic: rich, full tone even in moments of quiet. The rest of his sorcery was soon at work. The concerto's immense hurdles (lightning-fast chord sequences, densely complicated ornaments) were leaped smoothly, and the occasional moments of romantic treacle were turned into pure honey. Cascades of notes arranged themselves in perfect, multicolored symmetry. The fortissimo climaxes arrived like evening thunder. Nobody else can hit a piano that hard and produce something more than an ugly din.

Beautiful sound and color are what Horowitz is really all about. Form and a unifying tempo matter less to him, and there were dalliings and wanderings in the second and third movements that would have been considered eccentric in any other pianist. The performance was marvelously spontaneous and without calculation. It was markedly freer than the way Horowitz used to play the work, but in its own way it was breathtaking, certifying that one of the most unpredictable musicians of our time is still not set in his musical habits. Probably he never will be.

When it was over, the audience, which had greeted Horowitz with a standing ovation, was back on its feet, filling the air with bravos. In the throng were Composer Krzysztof Penderecki, Conductor Mstislav Rostropovich, Violinist Isaac Stern and such admiring fellow pianists as Eugene Istomin, Rudolf Firkušny and John Browning. Horowitz shared the bows with his venerable colleague Ormandy. Then the lights went up and Horowitz was gone. For the many who missed the performance there is good news. RCA recorded it and plans to rush the disc to the stores next month. They are hoping for a hot record. The odds are they will have it.

—William Bender



Sharing a bow with Ormandy and members of New York Philharmonic

The tickets were awesomely priced—and impossible to find

Press

Zigging and Zagging at Harper's

Under Editor Lapham, consistency is a hobgoblin banished

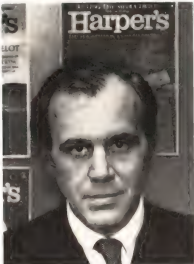
In the small world of opinion magazines, creed is usually constant. Rarely are readers surprised by where the *New Republic*, for instance, *National Review*, *Commentary* or *Atlantic* comes down on a given issue. *Harper's* is something else. The 128-year-old monthly has changed editors three times since 1967, creating a slight zigzag effect. Now the magazine once known for its cheerful progressivism appears to have taken a tendentious turn to the right.

Consider, as evidence, the January issue. The cover piece, by California Republican Senator S.I. Hayakawa, attacks Congress's free-spending ways and describes the benefits Hayakawa believes make voluntary unemployment increasingly attractive. Another article argues for a pure merit system and against the affirmative-action position in the Allan Bakke case before the U.S. Supreme Court. December's lead piece attacked the environmentalists in their long-running dispute with Consolidated Edison over location of a power plant in the Hudson River Valley. The November cover featured *National Review* Editor and Yaleman William F. Buckley Jr.'s latest quarrel with his alma mater, over its insistence on presenting "all sides" of "any issue."

In his monthly "Easy Chair" columns and longer articles, *Harper's* Editor Lewis H. Lapham also frequently takes a conservative tilt. Lapham bridges, for example, at the all-out conservatism position in the energy debate. "People want what they want," he maintains, "and they will pay whatever prices they must, and so it is no use [for the Government] to tell them what's good for them." Lapham inveighs bitterly against a variety of adversaries and attitudes, including the empire building of major cultural institutions. He has no quarrel with readers who complain that his magazine often dwells, in classic conservative fashion, on "the imperfection of man and the failure of his grand designs."

While the change in tone was not serve to distinguish *Harper's* from its chief and more liberal rival, the *Atlantic*. Nonetheless, *Harper's* continues to print liberal and even left-wing authors. One of Lapham's convictions is that the U.S. system requires not only debate but also intellectual confrontation: "Democracy means that you and I must fight. Democracy means a kind of Darwinism for ideas." Though he wants to preserve "what is best in our traditions," he insists that he is not at all conservative "in the Republican board-room sense."

In fact he has no firm ideology, shows little respect for authorities secular or spiritual, and regularly knocks the rich. He is a cantankerous example of that feisty species, the "aginner," a challenger of whatever is fashionable at the moment, particularly in the Boston-New York-Washington communications axis. Says he: "If I come into a room and find everyone in agreement on something, I'll try to think of an opposite view." He de-



Lapham in his New York headquarters

Dwelling on the imperfection of man.

lights in the constant rediscovery that the emperor, just about any emperor of any realm, has no clothes. Lapham feels no obligation to suggest a new outfit; to proclaim nakedness is enough. One former *Harper's* senior editor admires the lively controversies Lapham stirs up, but questions his constant use of what he calls "scorn and nihilistic rallery."

Naturally Lapham sees no virtue in constancy of content. Between 1972 and early 1974, before it became modish to dump on the CIA, Lapham promoted several articles critical of it. In 1976 he ordered a positive piece on the CIA's record, and has now commissioned Pro-Communist Journalist Wilfred Burchett to review *Decent Interval*, the new book attacking the agency by former CIA Analyst Frank Snepp. During Spiro Agnew's final months in office, when the Vice President was under attack from all sides, *Harper's* sought (but could not find) a cogent article defending him. Before and after the election, Lapham raked Carter repeatedly. In a sardonic column in the January

issue titled "Deadly Virtue," the editor takes the stance that since Carter was elected "to redeem the country," it is unreasonable to expect him merely to govern it. Now Lapham is shopping for an author who wants to stick up for the President.

At 43, Lapham could pass for a university don. His suit and tie somewhat out of sync, he has the somber look of a man who reads too many problematic manuscripts. Born to affluence (his grandfather ran a shipping line and served as mayor of San Francisco; his father left shipping for banking), he went to Hotchkiss, Yale and then Cambridge with the ambition of becoming a historian.

But instead of taking a Ph.D., Lapham opted for daily newspaper work (at the San Francisco *Examiner* and then at the late New York *Herald Tribune*). Finding conventional reporting too confining, he quit in 1962 and worked as a staffer and a freelance for a number of magazines, including *Harper's*. When Editor Willie Morris quit in 1971 because of a dispute with the publisher, and most of the *Harper's* staff resigned in sympathy, Lapham came on full time—"I became an editor by default and mistake"—and served in the second slot under the new boss, Robert Shnayerson. Lapham gradually assumed more power as Shnayerson became increasingly involved in spin-off ventures. In June 1975 Lapham got the title of editor, and the following January, when Shnayerson resigned, took full control.

As it had under Morris and Shnayerson, *Harper's* under Lapham is losing money. Circulation is now 304,000, down 25,000 since 1975, but increases in subscription rates and in advertising volume during the second half of 1977 have reduced the magazine's deficit. "We're getting there," says Publisher James Alcott. "We're almost in the black."

John Cowles Jr., chairman of the Minneapolis *Star and Tribune*, *Harper's* parent company, takes no part in editorial decisions and says that he is happy with Lapham's stewardship. Cowles believes that Lapham has restored the style and tone the magazine had under John Fischer, who ran it for 14 years before Morris took over. It is again a journal of strong essays, with one person making most of the selections, rather than the more collegial operation that existed under Morris and Shnayerson.

Semiretired and living in Connecticut, Fischer, 67, is a Lapham fan. "Lewis' political views are more conservative than mine, and he has a more pessimistic view of the world," says Fischer, "but on editorial matters we think alike. He has made the magazine more controversial and more cohesive. I do wish that he could get a little more humor in." Small chance; to Lapham, naked emperors are no laughing matter.

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Press

Barroom Sting

Bribes flowed like beer

Everyone wanted to help the new owners of the Mirage bar, a sleazy little tavern on Chicago's Near North Side. For just \$10, the fire inspector was willing to ignore the exposed electrical wiring. For \$50, the plumbing inspector "fixed" the leaky pipes, and for \$100, the ventilation inspector overlooked \$2,000 worth of necessary duct work. Jukebox and pinball purveyors not only offered kickbacks but showed the new management how to skim off profits.

Their helpfulness was rudely repaid. The Mirage was indeed a mirage, a bar operated by undercover journalists to document widespread corruption in Chicago. Exposed in a 25-part series of *Sun-Times* articles that began last week, four inspectors have already been suspended, and others fooled by the Mirage will surely feel the sting. In response to the revelations, Mayor Michael Bilandic also initiated a thorough reform of the inspection system.

Chicago reporters have traditionally spent as much time hanging around bars as they have muckraking. But not even in *The Front Page* did any of them ever combine both pastimes so ingeniously. Last January *Sun-Times* Reporter Pamela Zekman (who has shared two Pulitzer Prizes for investigative reporting) got Editor-in-Chief James Hoge's O.K. to buy and operate a bar. In May, having joined forces with the Better Government Association, a local citizens' group that works with journalists and others fighting corruption, the *Sun-Times* made a \$3,000 down payment on a seedy tavern near by



Recktenwald, Allen, Smith, Zekman
The Mirage was indeed a mirage.

By August. BGA Chief Investigator William Recktenwald, 36, an ex-cop, and Zekman, 33, were at the Mirage, serving up beer (and bribes). Also staffing the bar were *Sun-Times* Reporter Zay Smith, 28, who boned up for the story with a five-day stint at bartending school, and BGA Investigator Jeff Allen, 28. *Sun-Times* photographers, posing as repairmen, filmed the payoffs from a concealed loft.

Though face lifting the Mirage with a few Marimekko prints and some hanging plants, the new owners purposely left, as the *Sun-Times* put it, "more code violations than barstools." But when the building inspector showed up, he spent eight minutes looking around, slipped a proffered \$10 bill into his inspection pa-

pers and exclaimed, "Beautiful day!" Such self-over-public interest, the *Sun-Times* found, proved to be "the rule rather than the exception."

Cheating was not restricted to public officials. Six local accountants taught the proprietors how to save taxes by hiding income. But the best teacher was a "Mr. Fixit" named Philip Barasch. Unaware of the investigators' true identity, Barasch, a big Chicago landlord and self-styled "business broker," guided them every step of the way, telling them the hour inspectors would show up and the exact amount to give them (with Barasch's business card enclosed). The only officials he did not advise bribing were police because, he said, "if you pay off a cop, they keep coming around every month, like flies, looking for a payoff." As for tax fraud, explained Barasch: "Everybody chisels down." A squat man with a nervous twitch who calls himself "the second largest tax accountant in the Midwest after H & R Block," Barasch has done more chiseling, says the *Sun-Times*, than Michelangelo.

His reward, he told his friends at the Mirage, has been "lots of sex and lots of Vegas." It may also be a jail sentence. But when confronted by CBS Reporter Mike Wallace, who filmed a 60 Minutes segment on the Mirage exposé, Barasch said, "I'm not very worried about it. This has been going on for years. From the very beginning."

Whether it will continue to go on so brazenly in Chicago after the *Sun-Times* series remains to be seen. In November, their investigation complete, the *Sun-Times* told the Mirage, warning the new owner to fix the building-code violations. After all, they might actually be enforced. ■

Milestones

DIED. Hubert H. Humphrey, 66, ebullient former Vice President and longtime Senator from Minnesota, who became the Democratic Party's liberal spokesman, of cancer: in Waverly, Minn. (see NATION).

DIED. Lee Metcalf, 66, liberal, three-term Democratic Senator from Montana; of natural causes: in Helena, Mont. An archetypal Western populist who was respected by his senatorial peers as an orator and constitutional expert, Metcalf was a strong advocate of bills favoring consumer, environmental and labor causes.

DIED. Spruille Braden, 83, outspoken ambassador to three Latin American countries who became Assistant Secretary of State for American Republic Affairs (1945-47); of a heart ailment: in Los Angeles. Brash yet amiable, Braden was a spokesman for democratic liberties in the Western Hemisphere, ever on the crusade against dictatorship. In 1940, as Ambassador to Colombia, he managed the fir-

ing of pro-Nazi pilots who endangered the Panama Canal. As fervently anti-Communist as he was anti-Nazi, Braden later took a firm cold war stance, calling for a U.S. invasion of Cuba in 1962.

DIED. Robert Daniel Murphy, 83, tough-minded diplomat, and in 1959 Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs; after suffering a stroke: in Manhattan. As General Eisenhower's diplomatic liaison during World War II, Murphy worked with the French underground, mixing negotiation, espionage and bluffing to engineer the virtually bloodless surrender of Al-giers to the Allies in 1942. In 1948 he helped to devise the Berlin airlift when the Soviets blockaded the city, and four years later became the first postwar Ambassador to Japan, helping negotiate an end to the Korean War. Although Murphy retired in 1959, he continued to advise Presidents, and in 1976 was named by Gerald Ford to head the Board of Intelligence Oversight, a monitor of the CIA.

DIED. Samuel Simon Leibowitz, 84, theatrical, quick-tongued lawyer who won the release of the "Scottsboro Boys," nine black Alabama youths convicted of raping two white women: of a stroke: in Brooklyn. The Rumanian-born lawyer won a reputation during the Prohibition era for his brilliant defense of such notorious criminals as Al Capone, the Mad Dog Killer, and the Bread Knife Murderess—he saved all but one of his 100 or so murder defendants from the electric chair. In 1933 Leibowitz, serving without a fee, took on the Scottsboro Boys, eight of whom had been sentenced to death. After four years of proceedings, the case went to the Supreme Court, which reversed the state court decision because blacks had been unconstitutionally excluded from the jury. From 1940 to 1969, Leibowitz served as criminal court judge in Brooklyn. He advocated reinstating capital punishment and because of the harsh, frequently controversial penalties he imposed, won the nickname "Sentencing Sam."



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Joan Kennedy makes new friends in China; Teddy Jr., Kara and parents at the Great Wall; the Senator works the crowds in Shanghai

People

Getting Shanghaied with **Ted Kennedy** suited his extended family just fine. At the invitation of the Chinese government, eleven members of the clan trooped enthusiastically around the People's Republic on a 15-day tour. Besides his wife **Joan** and brood of three, Kennedy brought along three sisters, a brother-in-law, R.F.K.'s son **Michael** and J.F.K.'s daughter **Caroline**. The group, shooting photographs for *TIME* as they traveled, visited a silk weaving mill and a tea commune in Hangchow, a prison in Shanghai, and the Great Wall. In addition to seeing the sights, the Senator looked up relatives of some Massachusetts constituents and conferred with Foreign Minister **Huang Hua** and Vice Premier **Teng Hsiao-p'ing**. "I can't help being impressed by the motivation, the drive, the organization and the commitment of these people for modernization," says Kennedy. Caroline, a Radcliffe sophomore, and Michael, a Harvard sophomore, both plan to write term papers on their China jaunt.

While the Kennedys toured China, the People's Republic opened yet another link with the West by lifting the Cultural Revolution's ten-year-old ban on certain books. "In order to criticize the Gang of Four severely and to expose **Chiang Ch'ing** as a traitor," intoned the front-page story in Peking's *People's Daily*, "large numbers of Chinese and foreign books have again seen the



Lamooning King Carlos and the Pope, "Peridis" is the Puck of Madrid

sunlight of day." Among newly freed works once labeled "bourgeois and therefore counterrevolutionary" are *Martin Eden* by **Jack London**, *David Copperfield* by **Charles Dickens**, *Faust* by **Johann Wolfgang von Goethe** and *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* by **Mark Twain**.

He worked as an architect during the Franco years, but **José María Pérez** never felt that he had found the right blueprint for life. "I was in an interior exile," he grumbles. But when Spain moved into a more liberal era, Pérez, under the pseudonym "Peridis," finally found his true calling: cartoonist. In Madrid's daily newspaper *El País* he regularly lampoons the pillars of the once untouchable Establishment—from **King Carlos** to **Pope Paul**. Some of Peridis' subjects—including both Premier **Adolfo**

ures come off in the manner of **Snoopy**."

The wedding pictures are ready for the album, and at 22, **Olga Korbut** has left her temper tantrums—and her parallel bars—behind. The Olympic gold medalist plans to coach gymnastics rather than perform. She also hopes to travel with her husband, **Leonid Bortkevich**, 27, a singer with the Soviet Union's popular folk-rock group *Pesnyary* (Singers). First stop: Cuba, where the couple will have a delayed honeymoon and where Leonid's group has an invitation to warble. As usual *Pesnyary* will perform jazzed-up Byelorussian songs. A pity, since Olga's favorites are by **Stevie Wonder** and the **Beatles**.

The booze isn't bootleg any more, but the Cotton Club is as jazzy as ever. Harlem's celebrated nightspot, which

Suárez and Communist Party Chief **Santiago Carillo**—have even written prefaces to the cartoonist's new book, *Peridis' Little Political Animals: The Year of the Transition*. Why such support? "I don't put hate into my drawings," says Peridis. "Most of my political fig-



Olga Korbut and her pop singer before their Cuban honeymoon

closed in the 1940s, reopened its doors last week. Cavorting together in the new digs were **Duke Ellington's** granddaughter, **Mercedes Ellington** and **Cab Calloway**, 70, who used to Hi-dee-ho at the club in the '30s. "Just another gig," shrugged Calloway, who does about 150 a year and has just recorded a disco version of his 1931 hit *Minnie the Moocher*. "I live good. I don't indulge in anything other than the normal indulgences," he reflected. Indulging in his famous hep jive, he also complimented the press: "It really grabs me to have these fine scribes to beat up my gums with."

The subject tried to be gracious. It is "a remarkable example of modern art," pronounced **Sir Winston Churchill** at the unveiling in Westminster Hall in 1954 of his 80th birthday present, a portrait commissioned by Parliament and painted by the famed English neoromanticist **Graham Sutherland**. But his remark was tongue in cheek, and the audience roared. Winnie thought the portrait, which had a gloomy, resigned-to-age air about it, made him look "half-witted, which I ain't." His dutiful wife **Clementine** put it out of sight in the basement and promised



Detail of Sutherland's Churchill

her husband that it would never see "the light of day." She meant it. About 18 months after the presentation she saw to it that the painting was burned and totally destroyed. Last week it was revealed that Lady Soames, one of the Churchills' daughters, had informed Sutherland, 74, of the fate of the portrait. "I feel no personal bitterness about the destruction of

the picture," he remarked. "Nevertheless, it must be considered as an act of artistic vandalism rather rare in the history of art." Estimated value of the canvas if it still existed: at least \$150,000.

Togged up for tennis, the Los Angeles Dodgers' manager **Tom Lasorda** and the New York Yankees' **Billy Martin** struck out. It was the first time either of them had tried their hand at the sport—and probably the last. "I need oxygen," gasped Lasorda, 50, whose celebrity tournament partner in Boca Raton, Fla., was Teen Tennis



Tom Lasorda (left) and Billy Martin can't get to first base at tennis



On the Record

Billie Jean King, on the crowds at a tennis match: "They identify with the loser, which I don't like. It shows that the public has no self-respect. Sometimes I want to grab the mike and say, 'Heeey, no self-respect tonight, folks.'"

Felix Rohatyn, chairman of New York City's Municipal Assistance Corporation, who compared Mayor Edward Koch to Joan of Arc and was reminded that she burned at the stake: "Yes, but she saved France."

Daniel Schorr, the former CBS newsmen who leaked a House Select Intelligence Committee report to the press, on his new career as a syndicated columnist: "I must overcome too much exposure as a story and get back to being a reporter."

Gwendolyn Brooks, Pulitzer prizewinning poet, reflecting on the late Carl Sandburg: "He was a largeness, and easy in his day. He stood large in what turned out to be (after much care) raw wheat, much blown by the wind."

Jack Brennan, Nixon's aide, describing the former President's 65th birthday party: "Nixon was kidded about being eligible for Social Security and Medicare. He will not apply for Social Security benefits."

Joan Ganz Cooney, president of the Children's Television Workshop and a director of four corporations, on keeping up appearances at board meetings: "Sure, it's a killer. But I'm determined to die pretty."



Slipping into something comfy, Wood takes a break from *Meteor*

Star **Tracy Austin**. Martin scrambled madly all over the court, cutting off his partner, Romanian Touring Pro **Virginia Ruzici**, until she gently suggested he stay at the net. Judged Umpire **Dan Rowan**, co-host of the old *Laugh-In*: "Both Martin and Lasorda exhibit much sharper back talk than backhand." When the verbal volleying was over, it was Lasorda and Austin, 6 to 1. "That doesn't make up for losing the World Series," grumbled the Dodgers' boss. "But it's some consolation."

No eye-catching costumes. A swim through a million pounds of warm mud in a collapsing New York City sub-

way. Those are some of the drawbacks to playing the Soviet astrophysicist heroine of *Meteor*, a \$16 million disaster film. For **Natalie Wood**, who slipped into a comfy pants outfit and posed for a picture session off the Hollywood set, the good news is that she was forced to improve her Russian for the role. See **Natasha Zakharenko**, the daughter of Russian immigrants to San Francisco: she used to speak her mother's tongue "with the sophistication of a ten-year-old," she says. "But now I'm fluent. I can even handle a lot of technical talk." Which turns out to be quite useful in plotting an anti-meteor strategy with fellow Astrophysicist **Sean Connery**.



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Art

Pictures at An Institution

Some mournful images from a mental hospital

In the perspectives of history, the mad have not been out of sight for very long. As recently as 1800, they were tourist attractions. Every Sunday thousands of paying visitors would go to watch them caper and babble in Bethlehem Hospital ("Bedlam") in London or the Bicêtre in Paris. In the 19th century, philanthropy suppressed that, and shame closed the asylums to view, so that insanity was not only confined but also hidden. Our own culture, despite its vast interest in neurosis, has not been able to forgive its madmen their lunacy. Thus the last taboo subject for photography is not sex, probably not



Documentary Photographer Mary Ellen Mark
"Some contact with the outside world."

even death, but madness. The act of photographing a mad person seems to return to the voyeurism of Bedlam—insanity as entertainment.

Hence, in part, the extraordinary interest of a show by New York Photographer Mary Ellen Mark, now on view at the Castelli Uptown gallery in Manhattan. Under the title "Ward 81," it records what Mark saw and experienced in the spring of 1976 during a six-week sojourn in the women's section of the maximum security ward of the Oregon State Hospital. "I wanted," says Mark, "to do an essay on the personalities of people who are locked away—to show a little bit of what they're like, especially the women. I didn't want to show them as exotically crazy." What resulted was, in fact, a lamentation—one of the most delicately shaded studies of vulnerability ever set on film.



Mark got permission from the patients and staff to live in an unused part of Ward 81. "If you're someone who photographs people, you're always an intruder," she says. "It took a while to get a rapport—the stronger photos didn't come till we got to know the women, and they got involved in the project. They felt they were making some kind of contact with the outside world."

It is by now the automatic fate of any

woman photographer with a taste for images of neurosis to be compared with the late Diane Arbus. Actually, with Mark, the comparison is not very useful. The harsh solipsism of Arbus' shots, their frontal, specimen-like character, the sense that one is conspiratorially sharing a taste for alienation—none of that emerges from "Ward 81." Mark does not skimp on desperation. There are grotesqueries, like the image of a male patient beginning a handstand—a knot of barely decipherable limbs, a weird sculpture on the glittering linoleum. But the general character of the photographs is to convey sympathy with these trapped lives. Nowhere is it manifested more poignantly than in her pictures of women relaxing in the hospital bath. Such subjects in other hands might have piled voyeurism on intrusion. But in "Ward 81" they acquire a sort of elegiac sweetness as images of bathers tend to do. After seeing the show, it is hard to think about madness and confinement in the same way again.

Robert Hughes

Books

Tall in the Pickup Truck

THE LAST COWBOY by Jane Kramer; Harper & Row, 148 pages, \$8.95

The plight of the cowboy in the age of computer ranching is a familiar story. Journalist Jane Kramer nevertheless manages to refresh the tale with a selection of tactful though telling observations and details that, with allowances for scenery and idiom, remind one of Jane Austen at Mansfield Park. Onion was ornery and bucked a lot and enjoyed kicking over the chair that Henry, at six, climbed to mount him. It took a while for them to arrive at the abusive, affectionate arrangement that Henry later claimed was so instructive to them both.

In Henry Blanton's Texas, abuse and affection are two sides of the same paternalism that cowboys and their rancher bosses have always traded in. It is the style the world got a look at in the carrot-and-stick politics of Lyndon B. Johnson. Henry Blanton is an alias for the 40-year-old cowpuncher whom Kramer selected to sit for her portrait of yet another vanishing American. Although he is foreman on a 90,000-acre Panhandle ranch, Blanton is entering his middle age with a hatful of failed promise and a headful of bourbon. "He moved," writes the author, "in a kind of deep, prideful disappointment. He longed for something to restore him—a lost myth, a hero's West. He believed in that West, no matter how his cowboy's

life and the memory of his father's and grandfather's cowboy lives, conspired to disabuse him."

Without that pride in an idealized past and in his skills with horse and rope, Henry is little more than just another underpaid and overworked hired hand. Still, he can say, "You won't see none of us giving up our freedom to join no union." That freedom includes the right to drive over rutted roads in a pickup truck with a Winchester racked in the rear window, a bottle under the seat and a horse trailer bouncing along behind. Henry also knows that if he and his buddies get a little wild, his honcho will smooth things out with the law.

The past, present and future seem to have conspired to keep Henry Blanton in a permanent state of arrested development. Burdened by an impossibly demanding sense of manhood, the brutal economics of cattle raising and a changing world in which his wife wants to take an outside job, Henry wraps himself in nostalgia. He dresses in black, restores his grandfather's chuck wagon and watches westerns. "Henry, deep in his bedroll, shoring up courage against the river's dead, called on John Wayne, Gary Cooper, and Glenn Ford. Especially Glenn Ford. He was convinced then that for 'ex-

pressin' right," as he put it, there had never been a cowboy to equal Glenn Ford.

Blanton is knowing in the uses of loneliness. He suffers pain and disappointment without the crutch of self-pity. There are always whisky and opportunities to commit mayhem in the name of cowboy justice. When a cow in Blanton's charge is gang-raped by three bulls from a neighboring ranch, Henry and his boys fall on them with castrating knives. But when Blanton's boss breaks a promise that could lead to a measure of financial independence, Henry submits in proud silence.

Cowboys, as someone said, don't cry. But their wives do. As Henry grows more remote, Betsy Blanton grows more depressed. "I'm tired of grieving when no one's died," she tells her preacher. She seeks an answer to her problems in literature. "She tried a novel called *The Bell Jar*, which was shocking to her and difficult to understand, and when she returned it, asking for another, the librari-

Excerpt

“Henry looked at the sky, embarrassed.”

“That’s what I keep telling Henry—sign something,” Betsy said quietly. “It seems to me he ought to be a little cautious, seeing as how Lester is always taking advantage of him. I mean, the phone’s always ringing, or that radio gadget in the truck, and there’s Lester saying, ‘Henry, do this, do that.’ And it’s not ranch work. It’s Lester wanting someone to help him clean his swimming pool, or fix his roof, or run over to the feedyard and make sure those Okie calves he keeps trading on the side are getting the right feed.”

Henry glared at her. “Seems to me a man’s handshake ought to be enough. My Granddaddy Abel never signed no contract. My Granddaddy always said a man’s word should be his contract, and that’s what I do believe, and that’s what any cowboy believes, and”—he took a long drink—“that’s how I’m going to live.”

“Your granddaddy couldn’t write,” Betsy said. “Those old cowpunchers—they shook hands so as not to embarrass each other.”

Author Jane Kramer at home in Manhattan; trucks tail a horse-drawn wagon out West



ian said that as far as she knew *The Bell Jar* was the only serious book about grieving women the library had." Instead, Betsy finds solace in Kahil Gibran's *The Prophet*.

Jane Kramer, who originally wrote *The Last Cowboy* for serialization in *The New Yorker*, sets Henry and Betsy Blanton in a determinist context of history, geography and economics. Her sympathetic sketches of modern cowboy life are framed by facts—about beef consumption (Americans ate 27 billion lbs of it in one year), ranching technology, federal meat-grading standards and the quirks in Texas law. Cattlemen, for example, don't have to fence their animals in. Farmers who want to protect their crops have to fence cattle out. Kramer achieves the intended effect: to show the American cowboy riding off, not into a glowing sunset but into a haze of statistics.

R.Z. Sheppard

Bookish People

INKLINGS

by Geoffrey Wolff

Random House, 190 pages; \$7.95

In writing a novel about a book reviewer who wants to write a novel, Author Geoffrey Wolff, 40, has certainly staked out the turf he knows best. In addition to two earlier novels and a literary biography, Wolff has reviewed books for a raft of publications, including the *Washington Post*, *Newsweek* and *New Times*. What he does not know about the various satiries of New York publishing is not worth hearing. So, unfortunately, is some of what he does know.

Inklings has its share of moments. Its protagonist, Jupe, 45, is a nice mixture of self-regard and self-loathing. He has convinced himself and his attractive, loving wife that "all the big books" have already been written. He feigns astonishment that "for the sake of some silly grabs at eternal life people would sacrifice secure jobs, loving families, decencies and proportion." Jupe finds such behavior vain and cannot keep himself any longer from imitating it.

As long as this anti-hero is kept rattling around Manhattan, the novel remains a kind of manic satire. Jupe moderates a panel discussion during the convention of Writers Inc. (a "United Nations of literary bureaucrats"), his colleagues include a writer who is making a fortune from confessional books about himself and an author who has sold out splendidly to television. Everyone makes a proper fool of himself, especially Jupe. Elsewhere, Jupe proposes some revisions in the National Book Awards so that every entrant would win something. There would be awards for The Best Biography of a Man Born on June 2, 1898; and for The Best Novel Titled *Love Story*. The Best Likeness on a Dust-Jacket Photograph would win a blue ribbon, and so would The Best Job of Spelling.

When Jupe goes off to Maine to write

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Books



Novelist Geoffrey Wolff

The big books have already been written

his novel, things turn awfully serious and seriously awful. An ex-student from one of Jupe's creative-writing classes tracks him down. Jupe had once told the young man that he had talent; as a private joke, he had told everybody in the class the same thing. Now, the student has 15 beer cases full of his handwritten novel and a gun to keep Jupe's attention from wandering. Messages begin to loom at this point. Jupe must be taught that Words Have Meaning; he must experience at first hand the Relationship Between Criticism and Creation.

Wolff is never less than intelligent and clever. His novel tails off because he plays with too many ideas rather than too few. *Inklings* also suffers from some lofty competition. *Pale Fire* remains the final, funniest fictional word on the author-critic tug-of-war. Nabokov and very few others have managed to do what Wolff does not: make bookish people interesting in books.

—Paul Gray

Met Man

MUSICAL CHAIRS

by Schuyler Chapin

Putnam; 448 pages; \$12.50

The confrontation was pure Somerset Maugham. Nadia Boulanger crisply closed the student's composition book and handed it back to her young pupil. "You're right," she assured him. "You haven't any talent."

The guru to such American composers as Samuel Barber, Aaron Copland and Virgil Thomson was correct about Schuyler Chapin. She was also right when she suggested that he might do well in music management. Chapin became road manager for Violinist Jascha Heifetz. He held Vladimir Horowitz's hand when the volatile pianist returned to the recording stu-

dios in 1962, and to the concert stage in 1965. For three turbulent years he occupied the most prestigious chair in opera, general manager of the Metropolitan.

Chapin, now dean of the School of the Arts at Columbia University, tells of all this in *Musical Chairs*. The author's candor and good humor have produced a compelling memoir. It should be required reading for anyone entering the contemporary music business—and for any young performer pondering an artistic career.

Chapin's recall is wickedly prodigious. Here is the curmudgeonly Heifetz going over ground rules during their first train ride together: "Sit here. I will buy your first drink. It is my custom to do this for my tour manager on the first trip. After this you will pay for your own." Later, as an executive for Columbia Records, Chapin proudly sent off a \$20,000 royalty fee to Igor Stravinsky. The maestro showed up and slapped the check down on Chapin's desk. "Thank you for my tip!" he sneered. Horowitz might still be shuddering in the wings of Carnegie Hall, were it not for his representative's ministrations. "I took him gently by the shoulders and turned him 180 degrees, put my hand on his back, and gently propelled him out."

The author's account of angst inside the Met makes one wonder how anyone could endure the general manager's job. A perennial No. 2 man by his own testimony, Chapin acceded to the post when Goeran Gentele, the Swedish impresario who succeeded Rudolf Bing in 1972, was killed in an automobile accident. Chapin had enemies as well as friends on the Met's faction-ridden board of directors, and he was eased out in June 1975. The Met decided to abolish the job of general manager and substitute a conglomerate-style troika: executive director (Anthony A. Bliss), music director (James Levine),

director of production (John Dexter). This reorganization apparently reflected the board's resentment of Bing. Chapin's autocratic predecessor William Rockefeller, board president in 1975, also complained that Chapin had become a public personality, as though that were a sin. "We must never have an impresario again. We've outgrown the need." The Met is still in the process of proving that thesis.

As for Chapin, if he suffered an ultimate chagrin, he also enjoyed some undisputed successes—*Les Troyens* in 1973, *Boris Godunov* in 1974, the Met debut of Beverly Sills in 1975. For a while he had been granted a unique grace—the chance of "living out childhood fantasies and being paid for them." The pay was good, but the fantasies were triumphant. In the contest of major league musical chairs, Chapin, 54, has accomplished that most difficult performance: he has lost his position and won the game.

—William Bender

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Daniel Martin, *John Fowles*. The Honourable Schoolboy, *John Le Carré*. The Professor of Desire, *Philip Roth*. Song of Solomon, *Toni Morrison*. Transatlantic Blues, *Wilfrid Sheed*.

NONFICTION: Charles Dickens, *Edward Johnson*. Coming into the Country, *John McPhee*. The Diaries of Evelyn Waugh, edited by Michael Davie. Dispatches, *Michael Herr*. On Photography, *Susan Sontag*.

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1 The Silmarillion, *Tolkien* (1 last week)
- 2 The Thorn Birds, *McCullough* (2)
- 3 The Honourable Schoolboy, *Le Carré* (3)
- 4 Daniel Martin, *Fowles* (7)
- 5 Beggarman, Thief, *Shaw* (6)
- 6 The Book of Merlyn, *White* (4)
- 7 Illusions, *Bach* (8)
- 8 Dreams Die First, *Robbins* (5)
- 9 The Black Marble, *Wambaugh*
- 10 The Immigrants, *Fast* (10)

NONFICTION

- 1 All Things Wise and Wonderful, *Herriot* (1)
- 2 The Book of Lists, *Wallatehinsky, I & A Wallace* (2)
- 3 The Complete Book of Running, *Fixx* (3)
- 4 The Country Diary of an Edwardian Lady, *Holden* (5)
- 5 The Second Ring of Power, *Castaneda* (9)
- 6 Six Men, *Cooke* (4)
- 7 The Amityville Horror, *Ansar* (6)
- 8 Gnomes, *Huxley & Poorvitz* (7)
- 9 Looking Out for #1, *Ringer* (8)
- 10 Coming into the Country, *McPhee*



Sills and Chapin at her Metropolitan debut

"We've outgrown the need."

Science

A Fat Sausage In the Sky

Moscow links up two crews in space station

For more than a month two Soviet cosmonauts have been circling the earth in the 65-ft.-long Salyut 6 space station, observing the earth, performing experiments in weightless conditions, growing algae as a possible food for future space travelers, donning new, improved space suits, and even erecting a small New Year's tree inside their 19-ton home away from earth.

Last week the Soviet team had callers. From the fog-shrouded space station at Tyuratam, Kazakhstan, two more cosmonauts were launched into orbit aboard Soyuz 27. They were Air Force Lieut. Colonel Vladimir Dzhanibekov, 35, a pilot who is making his first space flight, and Oleg Makarov, 44, his civilian flight engineer whose two previous Soyuz missions included a flight that was aborted and forced to land in the snows of Siberia near the Chinese border in 1975. After chasing the blinking red and blue lights of Salyut round the earth for a day, the cosmonauts caught up with the space station, clambered through a hatch and embraced their comrades, who quipped: "Now don't be chicken. We're friends in here." The newcomers even brought newspapers and letters from home. Then all four exchanged toasts in cherry juice squeezed from tubes. The docking 320 kilometers (200 miles) above the earth gave Russia another space-age first: the linkup of more than two spacecraft.

The four cosmonauts were to work to-



Quartet of Soviet cosmonauts during their reunion aboard the homey Salyut 6

gether for five days on various experiments, Tass said. Then the two newcomers would return to earth early this week. They would leave behind Soyuz 26's Yuri Romanenko, 33, and Georgi Grechko, 46, to continue endurance tests and perhaps to break the U.S. astronaut record of 84 days in orbit. If all goes according to plan, the Soviets will have shown that they can keep a permanent observatory in the sky, staffed by relay of spaceships bringing up fresh supplies and personnel. By contrast, during the U.S.'s comparable Skylab missions in 1973 and 1974, no more than a single Apollo ferry ship at one time ever docked with the station, and the space station was left unmanned for weeks on end.

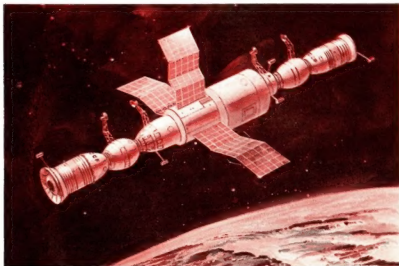
The multiple linkup is also proof that the Russians are acquiring the capability

of constructing large orbital stations made of numerous components shipped up separately from earth and assembled in space. Said an American space official after seeing the three-part assembly on radar: "It looks like a long, fat Russian sausage in space."

The U.S., which has had no astronauts in space since 1975, will be able to put together its own sausages when the space shuttle that is now being tested begins regular flights in the 1980s. But for the Soviets the feat is something of a breakthrough. While the U.S. showed it could dock spacecraft as long ago as the pre-moon shot Gemini 8 flight in 1966, the delicate skills required to bring together two space ships, both of which are traveling at speeds of 29,000 k.p.h. (18,000 m.p.h.), have often eluded the Soviets. (One explanation: they insist on controlling the maneuvers, up to the last few hundred feet, from the ground rather than following the American technique of leaving the job largely to the astronauts.)

In fact, their very first attempt to man Salyut 6 was an embarrassing flop. A week after it was sent aloft in September with no one on board, Soyuz 25 tried to link up with it, apparently as part of the Kremlin's celebrations of the 60th anniversary of the October Revolution and the 20th anniversary of the flight of the first earth satellite, Sputnik. But Soyuz 25 slammed into one of Salyut's two docking ports, holding only briefly and then drifting away. Soviet controllers had to summon the cosmonauts back to earth.

In December, Soyuz 26 was launched and it successfully reached the space station. A week later controllers could breathe a collective sigh of relief. During a space walk outside the ship, Grechko inspected the other port and reported it to be in perfect order.



Artist's view of Salyut 6 (center) with a Soyuz linked to it at each end

After a chase around the earth, embraces, newspapers and cherry juice.

Medicine

A Mean A/Texas Attacks

Newest flu variant on the rampage in 41 states

The medical statisticians insist that it is not yet an epidemic because not enough people have sickened and died to meet that criterion. This is no comfort to the hundreds of thousands of Americans who have been laid low with influenza. No words and no wonder drugs help to lower the initial fever, ease the aching head and bones, stop the hacking cough and make rubbery legs feel strong again. Dr. Donald O. Lyman, director of New York's Bureau of Disease Control, advises: "I'd stay in bed, let people fawn over me, drink my fruit juice, and take my tincture of time."

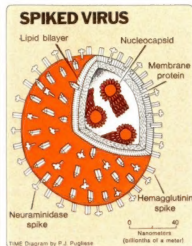
Last week leading flu experts met in Geneva at the World Health Organization. Their main concern was to help develop a vaccine against the reborn strain of flu now ravaging the Soviet Union. Though cases have been reported in China, Finland and Czechoslovakia, A/USSR or Russian flu is still only a threat to the rest of the world. The flu now sweeping 41 states is mostly another new variant called A/Texas.

No one knows how many cases there are or have been. Health authorities usually rely on school absenteeism as the best numerical clue, but they were foiled because this season's outbreak occurred during the Christmas holidays. One indisputable index is the number of deaths, mostly among the aged and infirm, resulting from the pneumonia that so often follows flu. In New York City alone the pneumonia deaths during three weeks rose from 70 to 97 to 104.

It was not until 1933 that a virus was identified as the cause of flu and dubbed influenza A. In 1946-47 another form of A emerged, and about this time virologists working with electron microscopes made an important discovery. They found that the outer coat of each virus particle is studded with hundreds of protein spikes. There are two types: hemagglutinin, a biochemical glue that makes red cells clump together and helps the virus get into cells, and an enzyme called neuraminidase that dissolves the glue and helps the virus get out of cells. These spikes are also the antigenic proteins that stimulate the human system to produce antibodies against future infections.

Virologists have now rechristened flu viruses, using the initials H and N for the two protein spikes and numbering their major changes. Thus the last major shift, the Hong Kong flu of 1968, becomes H3N2. But within each such shift minor changes known as drift can occur, and the last two of the five H3N2 drifts are A/Victoria and A/Texas.

In most ways they are so similar that



people vaccinated within the past 12 months against A/Victoria, or who actually had that disease, have some degree of immunity against A/Texas, which first appeared in 1977. But, explains Merck & Co.'s Maurice R. Hilleman, their antibody level against A/Texas is only a fraction, perhaps a quarter or an eighth, of their level against A/Victoria.

Last week public health experts gathered at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Md., to consider what could be done to fight the flu. As they all knew,



One victim among thousands

Take a tincture of time.

it is already too late to develop a new vaccine for this winter's outbreaks. But since the first cases of Russian flu may hit the U.S. by spring, they recommended to the Surgeon General's office the development of vaccines against both Russian flu and the A/Texas and A/Victoria strains, possibly in combination. By next year, however, the adaptable virus may have developed yet another drift.

Brain's Opiate

It can help schizophrenics

In little more than 20 years, the population of U.S. mental hospitals has been cut from 560,000 to 170,000, and a million or more patients have been restored to bearable, often productive life. This mental-health revolution was brought about by a group of drugs, mostly phenothiazines (best-known: Thorazine). But like all potent medications, these have severe long-term side effects in some patients (for example: muscular spasms of the tongue, mouth or limbs).

Two of the men who introduced drug treatment for mental illness into North America, Dr. Nathan S. Kline, director of New York's Rockland Research Institute, and Dr. Heinz Lehmann of Montreal's McGill University, now report highly promising results with a substance that occurs naturally in the human body.

The substance is beta-endorphin, classed as a hormone, tested by medical researchers as a painkiller and hailed as "the brain's own opiate." Actually it originates in the pituitary gland but seems to exert its effects in the brain. Because camels have a notoriously high tolerance for pain, the University of California's master hormonologist, Choh Hao Li, imported more than 500 camel pituitaries from Iraq and identified and synthesized the active segment—beta-endorphin—of a larger molecule he had identified in 1965.

Kline and Lehmann first thought beta-endorphin might be most effective against depression, but tried it on schizophrenics with auditory hallucinations and victims of severe neuroses. So far, they have treated only 14 patients with a total of 40 injections because the cost is forbidding: \$3,000 for one 10-mg. dose. But the effects in treatment-resistant patients have been startlingly good, sometimes lasting for weeks. Schizophrenics have stopped hearing voices, and most patients were, at least temporarily, partially restored to their preillness personalities.

Beta-endorphin works best when patients are taken off phenothiazines. But the average dose of phenothiazines and similar medications costs only a few dollars a week, so these will probably remain the primary treatment until an inexpensive synthesis of beta-endorphin or a comparable substance is achieved.

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